POEMS,

&c.

WRITTEN BY

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Member of the Honourable
House of Commons.

All the Lyrick Poems in this Booke
were set by Mr. HENRY LAWES Gent.
of the Kings Chappell, and one of his
Majesties Private Musick.

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yard. 1645.

To my Lady.

MADAM,

YOur Commands for the gathering of these sticks into a Faggot, had sooner been obeyed, but intending to present you with my whole Vintage: I staied till the lateſt Grapes were ripe, for here your Ladiſhip hath not onely all I have done, but all I ever mean to doe in this kind: Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetrie, by the examples (not to trouble you with Hiſtorie) of many wiſe, and worthie perſons of our own times: as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Fra. Bacon, Cardinall Perron, the ableſt of his Countrie-men; and the former Pope, who they ſay, in ſtead of the

triple Crown, wore sometimes the Poets Ivie, as an ornament, perhaps of lesser weight, and trouble. But Madam, these Nightingales sung onely in the Spring, it was the diversion of their youth. As Ladies learn to sing and play when they are Children, what they forget when they are women; The resemblance holds further: for as you quit the Lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry: so this is not alwayes practised without some villanie to the mind, wresting it from present occasions, and accustoming us to a Still somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not thinke his case deplorable, who had made verses: we are told, that Tully (the greatest wit among the Romans) was once sick of this disease, and yet recovered so well; that of almost as bad a Poet as your Servant, he became the most perfect Oratour in the world. So that not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting

ſenting us with an opportunity at leaſt of doing wiſely: that is to conceale thoſe we have made, which I ſhall yet doe, if my humble requeſt may be of as much force with your Ladiſhip, as your Commands have been with me; Madam, I onely whiſper theſe in your ears: if you publiſh them, they are your own, and therefore as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, caſt them into the fire, or if they come where green boughs are in the Chimney, with the help of your faire friends, (for thus bound, it will be too hard a taske for your hands alone) to teare them in pieces, wherein you ſhall honour me with the fate of Orpheus, for ſo his Poems, whereof we onely heare the forme (not his limbs as the ſtorie will have it) I ſuppoſe were ſcattered by the Thracian Dames. Here Madam I might take an opportunitie to Celebrate your vertues, and to inſtruct you how unhappie you are, in that you know not who you are: How much you excell the moſt excellent of your own: And

how

how much you amaze the leaſt inclined to wonder of your Sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladiſhip for a Roman name: So would they believe that I indeavoured the Character of a perfect Nimph, worſhipt an Image of my own making, and Dedicated this to the Ladie of the brain, not of the heart of your Ladiſhips moſt humble ſervant,

E.W.

To

An advertiſement to the Reader.

READER. This parcell of exquiſit Poems, have paſs'd up and downe through many hands amongſt perſons of the beſt quallity, in looſe imperfect Manuſcripts, and there is lately obtruded to the world an adulterate Copy, ſurruptitiouſly and illegally imprinted, to the derogation of the Author, and the abuſe of the Buyer. But in this Booke they appeare in their pure originals and true genuine colours. In ſo much that they feare not (as young Eaglets uſe to be tryed whither they are ſpurious, or of a right extraction) to look upon the

Sunne

Sunne in the Meridian, in regard *Apollo* himſelfe, the grand Patron of Poets, ſeem'd not only to caſt many favourable aſpects, but by his more then ordinary influence to cooperate in their production; as will appeare to the intelligent and cleare-ſighted Reader, by that conſtant veine of *gold* (the minerall which that Planet ownes more then any other) which runnes through every one of them.

Thus they go abroad unſophiſticated, and like the preſent condition of the Author himſelfe, they are expos'd to the wide world, to travell, and try their fortunes: And I beleeve there is no gentle ſoule that pretends any thing to knowledge and the choyceſt ſort of invention but will give them entertainment and welcome.

Of His MAJESTIES *receiving the newes of the Duke of* Buckinghams *death.*

SO earnest with thy God, can no new care,
No sense of danger interrupt thy prayer?
The sacred Wrestler till a blessing given
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers heaven:
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopp'd
When from the body such a limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present state was no lesse maime,
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same;
Bold *Homer* durst not so great vertue fain
In his best patterne of *Patrolus* slaine,
With such amazement as weake mothers use,
And frantick gesture he receives the news:
Yet fell his darling by th'impartiall chance
Of war, impos'd by Royall *Hectors* lance.
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torne from thy bosome left his high command.
The famous Painter can allow no place
For private sorrow in a Princes face:
Yet that his price might not exceed beliefe,
He cast a vail upon supposed griefe.
'Twas want of such a president as this
Made the old heathen frame their god amisse.

Their *Phœbus* should not act a fonder part
For the fair boy, then he did from his heart;
Nor blame for *Hiacinthus* fate his owne (known:
That kept from him wish'd death, had it thou bin

Yet he that weighs with thine good *Davids* deeds,
Shall finde his passion, not his love exceeds.
He curst the mountaines where his brave friend dy'd,
But left false *Ziba* with his heir divide:
Where thy mortall love to thy blest friends,
Like that of heaven upon their seed descends.
Such huge extreams inhabit thy great minde,
God-like unmov'd, and yet like woman kinde;
Which of thy ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles* his pedigree, from heaven and taught
How some bright dame compriest by mighty *Iove*
Produc'd this mixt divinity and love?

To the King on his Navy.

WHere ere thy Navy spreads her canvas wings
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:
The French and Spaniard when thy flags appear
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
So *Iove* from *Ida* did both hoasts survey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed.
Thou on the deep impos'st stricter lawes,
And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
Of those rude tempests which for rapine sent,
Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.

Now

Now ſhall the Ocean as thy Thames be free
From both thoſe fates of ſtormes and piracie:
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegaſean horſe.
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoyle
Another Nation as to touch our ſoyle.
Should natures ſelfe invade the world againe,
And ore the center ſpread the liquid maine:
Thy power were ſafe, and her diſtractive hand,
Would but enlarge the bounds of her command.
Thy dreadfull fleet ce would ſtile thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph ore the drowned ball.
Thoſe towers of oake ore fertile plaines might goe
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The worlds reſtorer once could not endure
That finiſh'd Babell ſh uld thoſe men ſecure:
Whoſe pride deſign'd, that fabricks ſhould have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond floud.
To thee his choſen more indulgent he
Dares truſt ſuch power with ſo much piety.

Upon His MAJESTIES *repairing of* PAULS.

THat ſhipwrackt veſſel which th'Apoſtle bore
Scarce ſuffet'd more upon Melitas ſhore,
Then did his Temple in the ſea of time
Our Nations glory, and our Nations crime.)
When the firſt Monarch of this happy Iſle
Mov'd with the ruine of ſo brave a pile,
This worke of coſt and piety begun
To be accompliſh'd by his glorious Son;

Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wife ſire, has to perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of Regiments is found
A power like that of harmony in ſound.

Thoſe antique minſtrels ſure were *Charles* like Kings,
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects hearts their ſtrings;
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook
Conſent of motion from their breath they took.
So all our mindes with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles great Apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe State obſerving ſheds, that like a chaine
Seem'd to confine and fetter him againe;
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command
As once the viper from his ſacred hand:
So joyes the aged Oake when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd ſide.

Ambition rather would effect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure; to have born her name
Two diſtant vertues in one act we finde
The modeſty, and greatneſſe of his minde;
Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all impairing age,
In its owne worth ſecure, doth higher clime,
And things half ſwallow'd from the jaws of time
Reduce an earneſt of his grand deſigne
To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
Which Spouſe-like may with comly grace command
More then by force of argument or hand.
For doubtfull reaſon few can apprehend,
And war brings ruine, where it ſhould amend.

But beauty with a bloodleſſe conqueſt findes
A welcome ſovereignty in rudeſt minds.

Not ought which *Shebas* wondring Queen beheld
Amongſt the works of *Solomon* excell'd,
His ſhips and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art:
While the propitious heavens this worke attend,
Long wanted ſhowres they forget to ſend;
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance then our vitall food.

The Sun which riſeth to ſalute the quire,
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty could ſo far extend;
The King built all, but *Charles* the Weſterne end:
So proud a fabrick to devotion given,
At once it threatneth and obligeth heaven.

Laomedon that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the ſacred day,
Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe, Troy wall'd ſo high,
Th'Atrides might as well have forc'd the ſky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To ſee ſuch power employ'd in peacefull things.
They liſt not urge it to the dreadfull field,
The taske is eaſier to deſtroy, then build.

Of the danger of His Majesty *(being Prince) escaped all the rode at Saint* Andere.

NOr had his Highnesse bid farewell to *Spaine*,
And reacht the sphere of his own power the main.
With Brittish bounty in his ship he feasts,
Th'Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests;
To finde that watry wildernesse exceed
The entertainment of their great *Madrid*.
Healths to both Kings attended with the rore
Of Cannons eccho'd from th'affrighted shore;
With loud resemblance of his thunder prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud compelling *Iove*;
While to his harpe divine, *Arion* sings
The loves and conquests of our Albion Kings.
Of the fourth Edward *was his noble song,*
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautifull and young.
He rent the Crowne from vanquisht Henries *head,*
Rais'd the white rose, and trampled on the red:
Till love triumphing ore the victors pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side:
Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand like fate
Gives and resumes the Scepter of our State)
Wooes for his master, and with double shame
Himselfe deluded, mocks the Princely dame.
The Lady Bona *whom just anger burnes,*
And forreigne war with civill rage returnes:
Ah spare your words where beauty is too blame,
Love gave th'affront, and must repaire the same:
When France shall boast of her whose conquering eies
Have made the best of Englisb hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decree of fate,
And change againe the councels of our State.

What

What the Prophetick muſe intends alone
To him that feels the ſecret wound is knowne:
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious lay
About the keele de ighted Dolphins play:
Too ſure a ſigne of Seas enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this Royall troope engage:
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet
Within the Towne commanded by our fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the guilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge;
With painted oars the youth begin to ſweep
Neptunes ſmooth face, and cleave the yelding deep,
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar;
As when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounters ſeem too rough for jeſt.
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſſe ball
Toſt too and fro is urged by them all.
So fares the doubtfull Barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds:
Yet the bold Britaines ſtill ſecurely row'd,
Charles and his vertue was their ſacred load:
Then which a greater pledge heaven could not give
That the good boat, this tempeſt ſhould outlive:
But ſtorms encreaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Princes face.
The reſt reſigne their courage, skill and ſight
To danger, horrour, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſell wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver Thames to ride;
Wanders Aſtoniſh'd in the angry maine
As *Titans* car did, while the golden raine

Fill'd the young hand of his adventrous ſon
When the whole world an equall hazard run
To this of ours: the light of whoſe deſire,
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire.

The impatient ſea grows impotent and raves
That (night aſſiſting) his impetuous waves
Should finde reſiſtance from ſo light a thing:
Theſe ſurges ruine, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th'oppreſſed veſſell doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide.
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte impeach their mad deſire.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear;
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Then with the pleaſures of their court before.
God-like his courage ſeem'd whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of death affright.
Next to the power of making tempeſts ceaſe
Was in that ſtorme, to have ſo calme a peace.

Great *Maro* could no greater tempeſt faine
When the loud windes uſurping on the maine;
For angry *Juno* labour'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold *Eneas*, on like billows toſt
In a tall ſhip, and all his Countries loſt:
Diſſolves with fear, and both his hands upheld,
Proclaimes them happy whom the Greeks had quel'd.

In honourable fight our *Hero* ſet
In a ſmall ſhallow fortune in his debt:

So

So neare a hope of Crowns and Scepters more
Then ever *Priam*, when he flouriſh'd, wore
His loynes yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud; lets nothing fall,
That argues fear: if any thought anoyes
The gallant youth, 'tis loves untaſted joyes,
And deare remembrance of that fatall glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France:
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nimph then ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe; the ſea
That noble ardor more then mortall fire,
The conquered ocean could not make expire:
Nor angry *Thetis*, raiſe her waves above
The heroique Prince, his courage, or his love.
'Twas indignation, and not feare he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that Image dwelt.

Ah love forbid, the nobleſt of thy ſtraine
Should not ſurvive to let her know his paine:
Who nor his perill minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſſe ſerious game
Among the bright Nimphs of the Gallique Court,
All highly borne, obſequious to her ſport:
They roſes ſeem within their early pride,
But halfe reveal, and halfe their beauties hide.
She the glad morning which her beams doth throw
Upon their ſmiling leafes, and gild them ſo:
Like brihht *Aurora*, whoſe refulgent Ray
Foretells the fervour of enſuing day:
And warnes the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafie ſhadows from the threatned heat.

From *Cupids* ſtring of many ſhafts that fled
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble fame had ſhed;

As through the wondring world she flew and told
Of his adventures haughty, brave and bold:
Some had already touch'd the Royall maid,
But loves first summons seldome are obey'd.
Light was the wound the Princes care unknowne,
She might not, would not, yet reveale her owne.

His glorious name had so possest her ears,
That with delights, those antique tales she heares
Of *Iason*, *Theseus*, and such Worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.

And now she viewes, as on the wall it hung
What old *Museus* so divinely sung:
Which art with life and love did so inspire
That she discernes, and favours that desire:
Which there provokes th'adventrous youth to swim,
And in *Leanders* dangers pities him;
Whose not new love alone but fortune seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greeks.

For from the sterne of some good ship appears,
A friendly light which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing ore the waves that taper make;
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair *Heroes* hand extends.

The Ship at anchor like a fixed rock
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;
Whose rage restrained soming higher swells,
And from her port the weary barge repells;
Threatning to make her forced out againe,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled maine.

Twice

Twice was the cable hurl'd in vaine; the fates
Would not be moved for our ſiſter States:
For *England* is the third ſucceſſefull throw,
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whoſe Prince muſt be (as their owne books deviſe)
Lord of the Scene, where now the danger lyes.
Well ſung the Roman Bard, all human things
Of deareſt value, hang on ſlender ſtrings.
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſigne
Of heaven our joy ſupported by a line:
Which for that inſtant was heavens care above
The chaine thats fixed to the throne of *Jove*;
On which the fabricke of our world depends,
One linck diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends,

To the QUEEN, *occaſioned upon ſight of her* MAJESTIES *Picture.*

WEll fare the hand which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty which the dazling light
Of Royall ſplendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all exceſſe (ſave by this art) denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive;
The gracious Image ſeeming to give leave
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our muſe ſaluted
Mighty Queen.

In whom th'extreams of power and beauty move
The Queen of Brittain and the Queen of Love.

As

As the bright Sun (to which we owe no ſight)
Of equall glory to your beauties light,
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat
T'extend his light, and moderate his heat.
So happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphere
As your high Majeſty with awfull fear,
In humane breaſts might qualifie that fire
Which kindled by thoſe eyes had flamed higher,
Then when the ſcorched world like hazard run
By the approach of the ill guided Sun.
No other Nimphs have title to mens hearts,
But as their meanneſſe larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration then his private loves;
With admiration for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred *Charles* his) never love durſt flye.
Heaven that preferr'd a Scepter to your hand
Favour'd our freedome, more then your command.
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have bin
The whole worlds miſtris, other then a Queen.
All had bin Rivals; and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd without a guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by arms or birth
Equalls loves empire, both in heaven and earth.
Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himſelfe have throwne
As bright and fierce a lightning as his owne:
Witneſſe our *Jove* prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to the Heſperian dame.
When (like a Lion) finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoile a fairer prey.
The Royall youth purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallique Court:
There publique care with private paſſion fought
A doubtfull combate in his noble thought.

Should

Should he confeſſe his greatneſſe, and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother prove,
With his Achates breaking through the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their graces ſhroud;
And mixing with thoſe gallants at the ball,
Dance with the Ladies and outſhine them all:
Or on his journey ore the mountaines ride;
So when the fair *Leucothee* he eſpy'd
To check his ſteeds; impatient *Phebus* earn'd,
Though all the world was in his wars concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian doe,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſome ſo:
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſſe gods
Forbore to viſite the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortall breaſt did burne,
Nor ſhall till piety and they returne.

The Apology of ſleep:

For not approaching the Lady who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY charge it is, thoſe breaches to repaire
Which nature takes from ſorrow, toil and care,
Reſt to the limbs and quiet, I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can adde to her
Whom heaven & her tranſcendent thoughts have plac'd
Above thoſe ills which wretched mortals taſte.

Bright as the deathleſſe gods, and happy ſhe
From all that may infringe delight, is free:

Love

Love at her Royall feet his quiver layes,
And not his mother with more haſte obeyes.
Such reall pleaſures, ſuch true joyes ſuſpence,
What dream can I preſent to recompence?

Should I with lightning fill her awfull hands,
And make the clouds ſeem all at her commands;
Or place her in *Olimpus* top, a gueſt
Among th'mortalls who with Nectar feaſt:
That power would ſeem that entertainment ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent Court;
Where all the joyes and all the glories are
Of three great Kingdomes, ſever'd from the care.
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Aſcending doe the ſeat of ſenſe invade.
No cloud in ſo ſerene a manſion finde
To over-caſt her ever ſhining minde,
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſſe ſkies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of raine ſupplies.
That chriſtal heaven, where *Phœbus* never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

But what ſo hard which numbers cannot force,
So ſtoops the moon, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold *Mœonian* made me dare to ſteep
Joves dreadfull temples in the dew of ſleep.
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my power,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bower
Where *Gloriana* their great miſtreſſe lyes,
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charme all her ſenſes; till the joyfull Sun
Without a rivall half his courſe has run:
Who while my hand that fairer light confines
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

The

The Country to my Lady of Carlile.

Madam:

OF all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And natures ſelfe in thoſe that could lye.
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us ſhining, through thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wondring Court,
Paies your fair eies, prevail with you to ſcorne
The anſwer and conſent to the report
Which eccho-like the Country doth return.
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th'impartiall images of things.

A rurall judge diſpos'd of beauties prize,
A ſimple ſhepherd was preferr'd to *Jove*,
Down to the mountains from the partial skies
Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was ſo juſtly given
To the bright *Carlile* of the Court of Heaven.

Carlile a name which all our words are taught,
Loud as his Amarillis to reſound.
Carlile a name which on the barke is wrought
Of every tree thats worthy of the wound.
From *Phœbus* rage, our ſhadows, and our ſtreams,
May guard us better then from *Carliles* beams.

The

The Counteſſe of Carlile *in mourning.*

WHen from black clouds no part of skie is clear
But juſt ſo much as lets the Sun appear:
Heavens then would ſeem thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments, and that bright aſpect.
A ſparke of vertue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity is fairer made;
Nor leſſe advantage doth thy beauty get
A *Venus* riſing from a ſea of jet.
Such was the appearance of new formed light
While yet it ſtrugled with eternall night:
Then mourne no more leſt thou admit encreaſe
Of glory by thy noble Lords deceaſe.
We finde not that the laughter loving dame
Mourn'd for *Anchiſes*; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortall with her deathleſſe bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed:
Had ſhe bin there, untimely joy through all
Mens hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the funerall.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh griefe: as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow; nothing ſtands
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands:
If thou lament, thou muſt doe ſo alone
Griefe in thy preſence, can lay hold on none:
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty *Jove*:
Who by the power of his enchanting tongue
Swords from the hands of threatning Monarchs wrung
War he preſented, or ſoon made it ceaſe,
Inſtructing Princes in the arts of peace:

Such

Such as made *Sheba's* curious Queen reſort
To the large hearted Hebrews famous Court.
Had *Homer* ſate among his wondring gueſts,
He might have learn'd at thoſe ſtupendious feaſts,
With greater bounty, and more ſacred ſtate
The banquet of the gods to celebrate.
But O! what elocution might he uſe,
What potent charmes that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent maſters love into the heart
Of *Henrietta* forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like *Camilla* ore the waves to run
Into his armes, while the Pariſian dames
Mourne for their raviſh't glory at her flames?
No leſſe amaz'd then the amazed ſtars,
When the bold charmer of Theſſalia wars
With heaven it ſelfe, and numbers does repeat,
Which call diſcending *Cinthia* from her ſeat.

In anſwer to, &c.

WHat fury has provok't thy wit to dare
With *Diomed*, to wound the queen of love
Thy miſtris envy, or thine owne deſpair?
Not the juſt *Pallas* in thy breaſt did move.
So blind a rage with ſuch a different fate,
He honour won, where thou haſt purchaſt hate;

He gave aſſiſtance to his Trojan foe;
Thou that without a rivall thou maieſt love;
Doſt to the beauty of thy Lady owe,

While after her the gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not be content to love alone,
Or is thy miſtris not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of fairy *Arthurs* ſhield,
Which but diſclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudeſt foe, and won the doubtfull field?
So ſhall thy Rebell wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambecks ſwell into a book,
All were confuted with one Radiant loook.

Heaven he oblig'd that place her in the skies,
Rewarding *Phœbus*, for inſpiring ſo
His noble braine by likening to thoſe eyes
His joyfull beams, but *Phœbus* is thy foe:
And neither ayds thy fancy nor thy ſight,
So ill thou rim'ſt againſt ſo faire a light.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneyes *Picture.*

SUch was *Philoclea*, and ſuch *Dorus* flame,
The matchleſſe *Sidney* that immortall frame
Of perfect beauty on two pillars plac't;
Nor his high fancy could one patterne grac't:
With ſuch extreams of excellence compoſe
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe:
Such cheerfull modeſty, ſuch humble ſtate,
Moves certaine love, but with as doubtfull fate;
As when beyond our greedy reach we ſee
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his *Arcadia* found
Amaz'd we ſee, in this one garland bound.

Had but this copy which the Artiſts tooke
From the fair picture of that noble Book,
Stood at *Calanders* the brave friends had jarr'd,
And Rivalls made, the enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt nature firſt inſtructed by his thought
In his own houſe thus practiz'd what he taught.
This glorious piece tranſcends what he could think:
So much his blood is nobler then his ink.

To Vandike.

RAre *Artiſan*, whoſe penſill moves
Not our delights alone, but loves:
From thy ſhop of beauty, we
Slaves return that enter'd free.
The headleſſe lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo:
But confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart:
Another who did long refrain
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again;
With deare remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of grace:
Nor ſcorne, nor crueky does finde,
But gladly ſuffers a falſe winde
To blow the aſhes of deſpaire
From the reviving brand of care:
Coole that forget'ſt her ſtubborne looke,
This ſoftneſſe from thy finger tooke:
Strange that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only but the fire:

Not the forme alone and grace,
But act and power of a face:
May'ſt thou yet thy ſelfe as well,
As all the world beſide excell;
So thou th'unfeigned truth rehearſe
(That I may make it live in verſe)
Why thou couldſt not at one aſſay
That face to after times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſſe, and wee'l forgive thee this,
For who would not repeat that bliſſe,
And frequent ſight of ſuch a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſſe skill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill?
When natures ſelfe ſo often erres,
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women faire;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth:
Which waxed old ere it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortall colours grow,
That could this deathleſſe piece compoſe
In lillies, or the fading roſe:
No for this theft thou haſt clim'd higher
Then did *Promethens* for his fire.

At Penſ-hurſt.

WHile in this Parke I ſing, the liſtning Deere
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads as if they felt the ſame:
To Gods appealing, when I reach their bowrs
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhowrs.
To thee a wilde and cruell ſoule is given,
More deaf then trees, & prouder then the heaven.
Loves ſo profeſt, why doſt thou falſely faine
Thy ſelfe a *Sidney?* from which noble ſtraine
He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of love, and warme our Nation with his flame:
That all we can of love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoak of amorous *Sidneyes* fire:
Nor call her mother who ſo well doe prove,
One breaſt may hold both chaſtity and love:
Never can ſhee, that ſo exceeds the ſpring
In joy and bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive, to no humane ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſſe; but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature to recompence the fatall pride
Of ſuch ſtern beauty, plac'd thoſe healing ſprings
Which not more helpe then that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder then the rugged ſtone,
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan
Melt to compaſſion; now my traitrous ſong,
With thee conſpires to do the ſinger wrong:
While thus I ſuffer not my ſelfe to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:

But with my owne breath ſtill foment the fire
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire.
This laſt complaint th'indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt *Apollo* Preſident of verſe
Highly concerned, that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing:
Thus he adviſ'd me on yon aged tree,
Hang up thy lute, and high thee to the ſea,
That there with wonders thy diverted minde
Some truce at leaſt may with affection finde.
Ah cruell Nimph from whom her humble ſwaine
Flies for reliefe unto the raging maine:
And from the windes and tempeſts doth expect
A milder fate then from her cold neglect:
Yet there hee'le pray that the unkinde may prove
Bleſt in her choice, and vows this endleſſe love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer
But from thoſe gifts which heaven has heap'd on her.

At Penſ-hurſt.

HAd *Dorothea* liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this ſacred ſhade
Had held an altar to her power that gave
The peace and glory, which theſe alleys
Embroydred ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a garden of wood:
Her preſence has ſuch more then humane grace
That it can civilize the rudeſt place,
And beauty too, and order can impart
Where nature nere intended it, nor art.

The

The plants acknowledge this, and her admire
So leſſe then thoſe of old did *Orpheus* Lire:
If ſhe ſit downe with tops all toward her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd:
Or if ſhe walke, in even ranks they ſtand
Like ſome well marſhall'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap;
And in the tymetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in ſound.
Yea lofty beeches tell this matchleſſe dame
That if together ye feed all on one flame;
It could not equalize the hundred part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Goe boy and carve this paſſion on the barke
Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred marke
Of noble *Sidneyes* birth; when ſuch benigne,
Much more then mortall making ſtars did ſhine;
That there they cannot but for ever preve
The monument and pledge of humble love:
His humble love whoſe hope ſhall nere riſe higher
Then for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leiceſter.

NOt that thy trees at Penſ-hurſt grove
Oppreſſed with their timely load,
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte or eye
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit and dye.

Not that thy harmleſſe Deere repine,
And thinke themſelves unjuſtly ſlaine
By any other hand then thine,
Whoſe arrows they would gladly ſlaine:
No nor thy friends which hold too deare
That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſſe then that great cauſe,
Which none exacts your preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of publique and domeſtique care.
For one bright Nimph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of *Thetis* ſun,
For which ſuch ſterne debate did riſe,
That the great *Ajax*, *Telemon*
Refuſ'd to live without the prize.
Thoſe Achave Peers did more engage,
Then ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun
To warme us ſo when thou wert here,
Now ſcorches like the raging ſun
When *Syrius* does firſt appeare.
O fix this flame, and let deſpaire
Redeem the reſt from endleſſe care!

To my young Lady Lucy Sidney.

WHy came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world which wanting thee

Could

Could entertaine us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was borne to love.

Yet faireſt bloſſome doe not flight
That age which you muſt know ſo ſoon,
The roſie morne reſignes her light,
And milder glory to the moon:
And then what wonders ſhall you doe,
Whoſe dawning beauty warmes us ſo?

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And ſummer though it be leſſe gay,
Yet is not look't on as a time
Of declination or decay.
For with a full hand that doth bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

Of the Lady who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder ſleep from carefull lovers flyes
To bathe himſelf in *Sacharissa's* eyes.
As faire *Astrea* once from earth to heaven
By ſtrife and loud impiety was driven:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears
Wiſe *Somnus* to that Paradiſe repaires,
Waits on her will, and wretches does forſake
To court the nimph for whom thoſe wretches wake;
More proud then *Phœbus* of his throne of gold
Is the ſoft god thoſe ſofter limbs to hold:

Nor would exchange with *Jove* to hide the skies
In darkning clouds the power to close her eyes:
Eyes which so far all other lights controul,
They warme our mortall parts, but these our soule:
Let her free spirit whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest:
Know that though *Venus* and her son should spare
Her Rebell heart, and never teach her care:
Yet Hymen may inforce her vigils keep,
And for anothers joy suspend her sleep.

Of the miſ-report of her being painted.

AS when a sort of Wolves infest the night
With their wilde howlings at fair *Cinthia's* light,
The noyse may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistresse of the skies:
So with the news of *Sacharissa's* wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues.
Call love to witnesse that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire:
While unconcerned she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice then our loves before:
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our passions without smile or frown:
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame whom heaven affecteth so,
Paints her: 'tis true with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours through the flowry meads.
When lavish nature with her best attire
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.

Paints

Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorne
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morne:
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe gilder h ſo
Thoſe painted clouds which forme *Thaumantias* bow.

Of her paſſing through a crowd of people.

AS in old Chaos Heaven with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
The Sun his light no further could extend
Then the next hill which on his ſhoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright *Sacharissa* far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard:
As ſhips though never ſo obſequious, fall
Foule in a tempeſt on their Admirall:
A greater favour this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants then their awfull thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yeelding marble of her ſnowy breaſt:
While love inſults diſguiſed in a cloud,
And welcome force of the unruly crowd.
So th'amorous tree while yet the aire is calme
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired palme.
But when the winde her raviſh't branches throws
Into her armes, and mingles all their bows:
Though loath he ſeems her tender leaves to preſſe,
More loath he is that friendly ſtorme ſhould ceaſe:
From whoſe rude bounty, he the double uſe
At once receives of pleaſure and excuſe.

SONG.

SONG.

SAy lovely dreame, where couldſt thou finde
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kinde,
Come not from any mortall race.

In heaven it ſelfe thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that Angell-like diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah this Image is too kinde
To be other then a dream!
Cruell *Sacharissa's* minde
Never put on that ſweet extream.

Faire dream if thou intend'ſt me grace
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meager let it looke,
With a pity moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſſe Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſſe my woe.

Perhap

Perhaps from greatneſſe, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And death reſembling equalls all.

SONG.

BEhold the brand of beauty toſt;
See how the motion does delate the flame:
Delighted love his ſpoyles does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
Like lightning hurled through the aire.

High heaven the glory does encreaſe
Of all her ſhining lamp this artfull way,
The Sun in figures ſuch as theſe
Joyes with the Moon to play.
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which doe reſult from their owne fears
As the Nimphs dance,
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

To Amoret.

FAire that you may truly know
What you un.o *Thirſis* owe,

I wi

I will tell you how I doe
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on *Amoretts*:
But with wonder I am strooke
When I on the other looke.

If sweet *Amoret* complaines,
I have sence of all her paines;
But for *Sacharissa*, I
Doe not only grieve, but die.

All that of my selfe is mine
Lovely *Amoret* is thine;
Sacharissa's captive faine
Would untie his iron chaine.

And those scorching beames to shun
To thy gentle shadow run:
If the soule had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty *Sacharissa's* scorne;
But 'tis some pure power above,
Which controuls our will in love.

If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breasts, solicites me
Beauteous *Amoret* for thee.

Tis amazement more then love
Which her radiant eyes doe move;

If leſſe ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine.

I would turne my dazelled ſight
To behold their milder light,
But as hard tis to deſtroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which, how eaſily I may doe
Heaven (as eaſily ſcal'd) do'es know;
Amoret as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food,
Which but taſted doth impart
Life and goodneſſe to the heart.
Sachariſſa's beauty, wine,
Which to madnes doth incline.
Such a liquor as no braine
That is mortall can ſuſtaine.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuſe
That Devotion which I uſe
Unto that adored Dame;
For tis not unlike the ſame
Which I thither ought to ſend;
So that if it could take end
T'would to Heaven it ſelfe be due
To ſucceed her and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;
Which though not ſo fierce a flame
Is longer like to be the ſame.

Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter liv'd, then Love.

The ſtory of Phœbus *and* Daphne *appli'd.*

Thirſis a youth of the inſpired traine,
Fair *Sacharisſa* lov'd, but lov'd in vaine:
Like *Phœbus* ſung the no leſſe amorous boy,
Like *Daphne* ſhe as lovely and as coy:
With numbers he the flying Nimph purſues,
With numbers ſuch as *Phœbus* ſelfe might uſe:
Such is the chaſe when love and fancie leads
Ore craggy mountaines and through flowry meads;
Invoke to teſtifie the lovers care,
Or forme ſome image of his cruell fair:
Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deere,
Ore theſe he fled, and none approaching near;
Had reacht the nimph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charmes could not incline to ſtay.
Yet what he ſung in his immortall ſtraine,
Though unſucceſſefull, was not ſung in vaine:
All but the Nymph that ſhould redreſſe his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like *Phœbus* thus acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catcht at love, and fill'd his arme with bayes.

Of Mrs. Ardea.

BEhold, and liſten while the faire
Breaks in ſweet ſounds and wiſhing aire,
And with her owne breath fanns the fire
Which her bright eyes doe firſt inſpire:

What

What reaſon can that love controule,
Which more then one way courts the ſoule?

So when a flaſh of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For humane aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came.
But if the winde with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not but deplore the fire.

On the diſcovery of a Ladies *painting.*

Pigmaleons fate reverſt is mine,
His marble love tooke fleſh and bloud;
All that I worſhip is divine:
That beauty now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of life
Then that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſleſſe fear,
Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near:
A ſhaking through their limbs they finde
Like leaves ſaluted by the winde.

So though the beauty doe appeare,
No beauty which amaz'd me ſo,
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A reall beauty though too neer,
The fond *Narciſſus* did admire;
I dote on that which is no where,
The ſigne of beauty ſteeds my fire:
No mortall flame was ere ſo cruell
As this which thus ſurvives the fewell.

To a Lady from whom he received a Silver Pen.

Madam,

INtending to have tride
The ſilver favour which you gave,
In ink the ſhining point I dide,
And drencht it in the ſable wave:
When griev'd to be ſo fowly ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her faire hand ſo faire a boone,
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change, who ever woon
Immortall praiſe for what I wrought,
Inſtructed by her noble thought.

I that expreſſed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
Alwayes moſt welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names.
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtile
Some meaner beauty to beguile.

So I the wronged pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſſe
Unto your Ladiſhip in theſe,
And now tis forced to confeſſe
That your great ſelf did nere indite;
Nor that to one more noble write.

On a brede of divers colours, woven by foure Ladyes.

TWice twenty ſlender virgin finger twine,
This curious web where all their fancies ſhine;
As Nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not *Juno's* bird when his faire traine diſpread,
He woes the female to his painted bed:
No not the bow which ſo adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dies.

On the head of a Stag.

SO we ſome antique *Hero's* ſtrength
Learn by his launces, weight and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſſe the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhadie browes alive they dreſt.
Such game while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did purſue.
What Huntſman of our feeble race,
Or dogs dare ſuch a monſter chaſe?

Reſembling with each blow he ſtrikes
The change of a whole troop of Pikes:
O fertile head which every yeare
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing;
Which might it never have been caſt
Each years growth added to the laſt:
Theſe lofty branches had ſupply'd
The earths bold ſons prodigious pride:
Heaven with theſe engines had bin ſcal'd
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in retirement.

SEes not my love how time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flowers;
Though none ſhould taſte their ſweet perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few houres,
Time what we forbear devoures.

Had *Helen*, or th' Ægyptian Queen,
Bin nere ſo thrifty of their graces,
Thoſe beauties muſt at length have bin
The ſpoyle of age which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should ſome malignant planet bring
A barren drought or ceaſeleſſe ſhowre
Upon the Autumne or the Spring;
And ſpare us neither fruit nor flower
Winter would not ſtay an houre.

Could

Could the reſolve of loves neglect
Preſerve ye from the violation
Of comming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a faſhion,
Nor would I divulge my paſſion.

The Miſers ſpeech in a Mask.

BAlls of this mettall ſlack'd *Atlanta's* pace,
And on the amorous youth beſtow'd the race:
Venus, the Nymphs mind meaſuring by her own,
Whom the rich ſpoyles of Cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to *Mars* could well adviſe
Th'adventrous lover how to gain the priſe:
Nor leſſe may *Jupiter* to gold aſcribe,
When he turn'd himſelfe into a bribe:
Who can blame *Diana* or the brazen tower,
That they which ſtood not the Almighty ſhowre;
Never till then did love make *Jove* put on
A forme more bright and noble then his owne?
Nor were it juſt would he reſume that ſhape
That ſlack devotion ſhould his thunder ſcape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd *Apollos* wrong
Thoſe Aſſes ears on *Mida's* Temple hung;
But fond repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his meat grew mettall like his diſh.
Would *Bacchus* bleſſe me ſo, Ide conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and dye creating gold.

To my Lord of Northumberland upon the death of his Lady.

TO this great losse a Sea of Tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not your self with all, nor render vain
Those showers the eyes of us your servants raine.
Shall grief contract the largenesse of that heart,
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Vertue would blush, if time should boast (which cries,
Her sole child dead their tender mothers eyes)
Your minds relief, where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they nere could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
To harm another, or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great self stray:
Whose milde example seemed to engage
Th'obsequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave *Emilius* his great charge laid down,
(The force of *Rome*, and fate of *Macedon*)
In his lost sons did feel, the cruell stroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke
Before *Romes* people; we did oft implore
That if the Heavens had any ill in store,
For your *Emilius* they would powre it still
On his own House, and let you flourish still.
You on the barren Sea (my Lord) have spent,
Whole Springs and Summers to the publique lent:

Suspended

Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shortned the short joy of such a wife.
For which your Countrey's more obliged then
For many lives of old, lesse happie men.
You that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth and private blisse, ought to impart
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight:
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this crosse,
Since publique persons onely publique losse
Ought to affect, and though her form and youth,
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble sweetnesse, and that humble state
All snatcht away by such a hasty fate,
Might give excuse to any common brest,
With the huge weight of so such grief oppresst.
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
To the last act; it is enough her Stone
May honoured be with superscription
Of the sole Lady, who had power to move
The great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

To my Lord Admirall of his late sickness and Recovery.

WIth joy like ours the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elisian* shades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his stay implore,
Make it their publick suit, he would no more

Deſert them ſo, and for his Spouſes ſake,
His vaniſh't love tempt the Lethean lake:
The Ladyes too the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime.
Their doubtfull hopes with expectation feed
Who ſhall the faire *Euridice* ſucceed:
Euridice for whom his num'rous moan
Makes liſtning trees, and ſalvage mountains groan:
Through all the aire his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch our hearts of late:
Your pining ſickneſſe and your reſtleſſe pain,
At once the land affecting, and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admirall,
Scarce through the Nation ſpread 'twas fear'd by all:
That our great *Charles*, whoſe wiſdome ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe anew.
So more then private was the joy and griefe,
That at the worſt, it gave our ſoules reliefe:
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and juſtly griev'd:
Nature her faireſt lights eclipſed ſeems
Her ſelfe to ſuffer in thoſe ſharpe extreams;
While not from thine alone thy bloud retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threatned, and the ſap in thee
Droop all the branches of that noble tree:
Their beauty they and we our loves ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health intend:
As lillies overcharg'd with raine they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend
Fold thee within their ſnowy armes, and cry
He is too faultleſſe, and too young to dye:
So like immortalls round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away:

Who

Who would not languiſh by ſo fair a train,
To be lamented and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoule would go,
Though to the bleſt, ore young *Adonis* ſo?
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the pretious ſhowre
Of her warme tears cheriſh't the ſpringing flower.
The next ſupport fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that noble frame:
By loſſe of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſues thee to the grave.
And now relentleſſe fate about to end
The line which backward does ſo far extend,
That antique ſtock which ſtill the world ſupplyes
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes.
Kinde *Phœbus* interpoſing bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe, but they
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-borne neece ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the Land and Sea:
With courage guard, and beauty warme our age,
And lovers fill with like Poetique rage.

On the friendſhip betwixt Sachariſſa *and* Amorett.

TEll me lovely loving paire,
Why ſo kinde, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſſe of our care,
Only to prove your ſelves ſo deare?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of love controule,
While the boyes deluded darts,
Can arrive at neither ſoule.

For in vain to either breaſt
Still beguiled love does come,
Where he finds a forrain ghueſt,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſigne,
When they never meane to pay:
That they may the Law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver Doves that flie,
Yoak't in *Citherea's* carr,
Not the wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her ſon ſo farre.

Are ſo lovely, ſweet, and faire,
Or do more enable love,
Are ſo choicely matcht a paire,
Or with more content do move.

A la Malade.

AH lovely *Amoret* the care
Of all that know whats good or faire:
Is Heaven become our Rivall too,
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

So

So amply thence the common end,
Of giving Lovers to pretend.
Hence to this pining ſickneſſe (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy beauties to impaire the heaven:
Solicites thee with ſuch a care,
As Roſes from their ſtalks we tare:
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain
That languiſh in you, conquer more,
And wound us deeper then before.
The lightnings which in ſtormes appear,
Scorch more then when the skies are clear.
And as pale ſickneſſe does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that faire lodging ſtill more clear,
Make the bright ghueſt your ſoul appear.
So Nimphs ore pathleſſe mountains born,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their faire limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view,
Of following gods increaſe their flame,
And haſte to catch the flying Game.

Of her Chamber.

THey taſte of death that do at Heaven arive,
But we this Paradiſe approach alive.

Inſtead

Inſtead of death the dart of love does ſtrike,
And renders all within, theſe walls alike:
The high in titles and the ſhepheard here
Forgets his greatneſſe, and forgets his fear:
All ſtand amaz'd and gazing on the faire
Looſe thought of what themſelves or others are:
Ambition looſe, and have no other ſcope,
Save *Carliles* favour to imploy their hope.
The Thracian could (though all thoſe tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders doe,
Before his feet, ſo ſheep and Lions lay
Fearleſſe and wrathleſſe while they heard him play
The Gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdu'd alike all, but one paſſion have:
No worthy minde but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
Whileſt ſhe with cheerfull, but impartiall grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like *Phœbus*, ſo divides her light,
And warmes us that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

Of loving at firſt ſight.

NOt caring to obſerve the winde,
Or the new ſea explore,
Snatch't from my ſelfe how far behinde,
Already I behold the ſhore.

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſome of this deep?
No: 'tis ſo rockleſſe, and ſo clear,
That the rich bottome does appear

Pav'd

Pav'd all with pretious things not torne
From ſhipwrackt veſſells, but there borne.

Sweetneſſe, truth, and every grace,
Which time and youth are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face
Some other Nymph with colours faint,
And penſill ſlow may *Cupid* paint;
And a weake heart in time deſtroy,
She has a ſtamp and prints the boy,
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

The ſelfe baniſhed.

IT is not that I love you leſſe
Then when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the ſad encreaſe
Of hopeleſſe love, I keep away.

In vain (alas) for every thing
Which I have knowne belong to you:
Your forme does to my fancy bring,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.

Whom the ſpring from the new ſun,
Already has a feaver got;
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun
Which *Phœbus* through his veines has ſhot.

Too late he would the paine aſſwage,
And to thick ſhadowes does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted bloud the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you;
For if I break you may miſtruſt
The vow I make to love you too.

Of the Queene.

THe Larke that ſhuns on lofty bough to build
Her humble neſt, lyes ſilent in the field:
But if the promiſe of a cloudleſſe day,
Aurora ſmiling bids her riſe and play:
Then ſtraight ſhe ſhews 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climbe, ſhe made ſo low a choice;
Singing ſhe mounts, her angry wings are ſtretch't
Towards heaven, as if from heaven her note ſhe fetcht.

So we retiring from the buſie throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th'ambition of our ſong:
But ſince the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court indulgent to her rage:
Thither my Muſe, like bold *Promethens* flyes
To light her torch at *Gloriana's* eyes.

Thoſe ſovereign beams which heal the wounded ſoul,
And all our cares, but once beheld controul;
There the poor lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nimphs ſcorne, of his fond paſſion cur'd;

Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow-worme ſpy'd, ſuppoſing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing ſtone
(For life it had, and like thoſe jewells ſhone:)
He held it dear till by the ſpringing day
Inform'd he threw the worthleſſe worme away.

She ſaves the lover as we gangreen ſtay
By cutting hope like a lop't limb away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High heaven, and theſe expoſtulations uſe:
Could nature then no private woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with ſuch a face,
Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
What envious power has plac't this glorious light?

Thus in a ſtarry night fond children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorne the skie,
Which though they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd,
Her bounty and compaſſion to mankind:
To whom while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:
For mercy has (could mercies ſelfe be ſeen)
No ſweeter looke then this propitious Queen;
Such guard and comfort the diſtreſſed finde
From her large power, and from her larger minde,
That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the miſerable are made hers.
So the fair tree whereon the Eagle builds
Poore ſheep from tempeſt, and their ſhepheard ſhields.

The

The Royall bird poſſeſſes, all the bows,
But ſhade and ſhelter to the flock allowes.

Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next,
For which ſo oft thy fertile wombe is vext:
Nobly contented, for the publique good
To waſte thy ſpirits, and diffuſe thy bloud:
What vaſt hopes may theſe Iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus deſcended are to reigne?
Led by commanders of ſo fair a line,
Our Seas no longer ſhall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
Firſt brings his Knight from ſome immortall Dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mothers eyes he makes him weild.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair pearle, and glory of the Sea.
The man to whom great *Maro* gives ſuch fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came;
And our next *Charles*, (whom all the ſtars deſigne
Like wonders to accompliſh) ſprings from thine.

SONG.

GOe lovely roſe,
Tell her that waſts her time and me,
That now ſhe knows
When I reſemble her to thee
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell

Tell her thats young,
And ſhuns to have her grace ſpy'd
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſarts where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelfe to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then dye that ſhe,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

Thirſis, Galatea.

Th. AS lately I on Silver Thames did ride,
Sad *Galatea*, on the banck I ſpy'd:
Such was her looke as ſorrow taught to ſhine,
And thus ſhe grac't me with a voice divine.

Gal. You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well
Of Ladies beauties, and of love to tell;
Once change your note, and let your Lute report
The juſteſt griefe that ever touch't the Court.

Th. Fair Nimph, I have in your delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:

Yet would I ſing if I your ſorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you.

Gal. Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief
Which is ſo great as not to wiſh reliefe:
She that had all which nature gives or chance,
Whom fortune joyn'd with vertue to advance,
To all the joyes this Iſland could afford
The greateſt Miſtris, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the Royall mixt her Noble bloud,
And in high grace with *Gloriana* ſtood.
Her bounty, ſweetnes, beauty, goodnes, ſuch,
That none ere thought her happines too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kinde to all, as Heaven had bin to her;
The virgins part, the mother, and the wife,
So well ſhe acted in this ſpan of life;
That though few years (too few alas) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things but in beauty old.
As unripe fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks doe cleave
Cloſe to the tree, which grieves no leſſe to leave
The ſmiling pendant which adornes her ſo,
And untill Autumne, on the bough ſhould grow:
So ſeem'd her youthfull ſoul not eaſily forc't,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet a ſeat divorc't:
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem and ſlow,
At once too cruell and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a law are mortalls born,
Whom now we engage, we anon muſt mourn:
What Heaven ſets higheſt, and ſeems not to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wondring eyes:
But ſince the ſiſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a thread, Ile ſtrive to peece the line.

Vouch-

Vouchſafe ſad Nymph to let me know the Dame,
And to the Muſes Ile commend her name:
Make the wide Country eccho to your moan,
The liſtning trees and ſavage mountains groan:
What rocks not moved when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young.

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton* whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her; griefe lets me ſay no more.

Tabula Phœbi & Daphnis.

ARcadia juvenis Thirſis, *Phœbiq; ſacerdos,*
Ingenti fruſtra Galateæ aracbat amore.
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat,
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Baſcua, formoſam nunc bis componere Nimpham.
Hunc illis crudelem inſana mente ſolebat:
Audiit illa procul miſerum Citheramq; ſonantem,
Audiit at nullis reſpexit mota querelis;
Ne tamen omnino caneret, deſertus ad alta
Sidera perculſi, referunt nova carmina montes;
Sic non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapſa reperit Daphni ſua laurea Phœbus.

The battell of the Summer Islands.

Canto I.

What fruit they have, and how heaven smiles
Vpon those late discover'd Isles.

AIde me *Bellona* while the dreadfull fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas stain'd with goar, I sing advent'rous toyle,
And how these Monsters did disarme an Isle.
Bermudas wall'd with rocks, who does not know
That happy Island where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange trees which golden fruit doe bear,
Th'Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair?
Where shining pearle, corall, and many a pound
On the rich shore, of Amber-greece is found:
The lofty Cedar which to heaven aspires,
The Prince of trees is fewell for their fires:
The smoak by which their loaded spits do turne
For incense, might on sacred Altars burn.
There private roofs on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might Pallaces for Kings adorne:
The sweet *Palmettas*, a new *Bacchus* yeeld
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit carrowsing, where their liquor grows:
Figs there unplanted through the fields doe grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the Romans shew;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoyle,
Carthage the mistris of so rich a soyle:
The naked rocks are not unfruitfull there,
But at some constant seasons every year:

The

Their barren top with loucious food abound,
And with the egges of various fowles are crown'd:
Tobacco is their worſt of things which they
To Engliſh Land-lords as their Tribute pay:
Such is the mould, that the bleſt Tennant feeds
On pretious fruits, and payes his rent in weeds:
With candid plantines and the juicy Pine,
On choiceſt Melons and ſweet Grapes they dine,
And with Potato's fat their wanton Swine:
Nature theſe Cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Powres out among them, that our courſer Land
Taſtes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament is worne:
For the kinde Spring which but ſalutes us here
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits and bloſſomes, on the ſame trees live,
At once they promiſe what at once they give:
So ſweet the aire, ſo moderate the clime,
None ſickly lives, or dyes before his time.
Heaven ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt
To ſhew how all things were created firſt:
The tardy plants in our cold Orchards plac't,
Reſerve their fruits for the next ages taſte:
There a ſmall graine in ſome few months will be
A firme, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree:
The Parmachriſti, and the fair Papah,
Now but a ſeed (preventing natures law)
In halfe the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruit doe wear:
And as their trees in our dull Region ſet
But faintly grow, and no perfection get:
So in this Northerne tract our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe and ill conſtrained notes,
Where the ſupporter of the Poets ſtile,

Phœbus on them eternally does ſmile.
O how I long my careleſſe limbs to lay
Under the plantanes ſhade, and all the day
With am'rous eyes my fancy entertaine,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my veine:
No paſſion there in my free breaſts ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions love:
There while I ſing if gentle love be by
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtrings ſo high:
With the ſweet ſound of *Sachariſſa's* name,
Ile make the liſtning ſalvages grow tame.
But while I doe theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto II.

Of their affright, and how their foes
Diſcovered were, this Canto ſhews.

THough Rocks ſo high about this Iland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turk deſpiſe;
Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear (he
Which ſhakes their hearts, while through the Ile th
A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three dayes they dread this murmur ere they know
From what blind cauſe th'unwonted ſound may gro
At length two monſters of unequall ſize
Hard by the ſhore a fiſher man eſpies;
Two mighty Whales, which ſwellings Seas had to
And left them priſoners on the rocky coaſt;
One as a mountaine vaſt, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dam:

He

Here in a poole among the Rocks ingag'd,
They roar'd like Lions caught in toyles and rag'd:
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lye murdered on the ſhore,
By the wild fury of ſome tempeſt caſt
The fate of ſhips and ſhipwrackt men to taſte;
As careleſſe dames whom wine and ſleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay:
So there ſometime the raging Ocean failes,
And her owne brood expoſes when the Whales
Againſt ſharpe Rocks like reeling veſſels quaſh't,
Though huge as mountains, are in peeces daſh't;
Along the ſhore their dreadfull limbs lye ſcatter'd,
Like bills with earthquakes ſhaken, torn and ſhatter'd:
Heart ſure of braſſe they had who tempted firſt,
Rude Seas that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news through all the Nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publique terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certaine prey;
Diſpoſe already of th'untaken ſpoyle,
And as if purchaſe of their future toyle,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oyle:
So was the Huntſman by the Bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold before he caught the beaſt.

They man their Boats, and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the Monſters harme;
Pikes, holberts, ſpits and darts, that wound ſo far
The tools of peace, and inſtruments of war:
Now was the time for vigrous lads to ſhew
What love or honour could invite them too;
A goodly Theatre where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely laſſes crown'd:

Such was the lake which held this dreadfull pare
Within the bounds of noble *Warwicks* ſhare:
Warwicks bold Earle, then which no title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh Peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew
The fate and honour, to that title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world ſpread his growing fame.
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

Canto III.

The bloudy fight, ſucceſſeſſe toyle,
And how the Fiſh ſack'd the Iſle.

THe Boat which on the firſt aſſault did goe
Stroke with a harping Iron the younger foe;
Who when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd
Loud as the Seas that nouriſh't him he roar'd;
As a broad bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive in boyling water caſt;
Vex't with unwonted heat, boyles, flings about
The ſcorching braſſe, and hurles the liquor out:
So with the barbed Javeling ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his tayle the ſuffering waves;
Like fairy *Talus* with his iron flayle,
He threatens ruine with his pondrous tayle;
Diſſolving at one ſtroak the battered Boat,
And downe the men fall drenched in the moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhorſt.

The

The bigger Whale like ſome huge Carrack lay,
Which wanteth Sea roome, with her foes to play;
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe woud
Advance her tail, her head ſalutes the mud.
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vaine her tails impetuous ſwinge.
The ſhining ſteele her tender ſides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.
This ſees the Cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumbred mother and her foes:
With deſperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tayl confounds.
Their ſurges joyn'd, the Seas with billows fill,
And make a tempeſt, though the winds be ſtill.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wiſh this cub away:
Their wiſh they have, he to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came,
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile lake,
A priſ'ner there, but for his mothers ſake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſſe of her bulks confin'd.
They ſhout for joy, and now on her alone
Their furie fals, and all their darts are thrown:
Their launces ſpent; one bolder then the reſt
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt:
Her oyly ſide devoures blade and heft,
And there his Steel the bold Bermudian left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake.
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardie tide;
And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatall ſtreight.

She swims in blood, and blood do's spouting throw
To heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelings in her side she weares,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears.
You would have thought had you the monster seen
Thus dreſt, she had another Island been:
Roaring she teares the ayre with such noise,
(As well resembled with conspiring voice
Of routed Armies, when the field is won)
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He (though a league escaped from the foe)
Hasts to her aid, the pious Trojan so
Neglecting for *Creusas* life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning Town,
The men amazed blush to see the seed
Of monsters, humane pietie exceed,
Well proves this kindnesse what the Grecians sung,
That loves bright mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopelesse now they wish
For composition with th'unconquer'd fish:
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce cän men with monsters find.
Not daring to approach their wounded so,
Whom her couragious son protected so:
They charge their musket, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire.
Standing alooffe with lead, they bruise the scales,
And tare the flesh of the incensed Whales.
But no succesſe their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatall wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to send
For the loud Engines which their Isle defend.

But

But what thoſe peices fram'd to batter walls
Would have effected on thoſe mighty Whales,
Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who finds
A tyde ſo high that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms,
Much blood the Monſters loſt, and they their Arms.

Vpon the death of my Lady Rich.

MAy thoſe already curſt *Eſſexian* plains,
Where haſty death and pining ſickneſſe raigns,
Prove all a Deſart, and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage beaſts, or men as ill as they.
There the faire light which all our Iſland grac'd,
Like *Hero's* taper in the windows plac'd;
Such fate from the malignant ayre did find,
As that expoſed to the boyſtrous wind.
Ah cruell Heaven to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her, for whoſe life had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows and tears we ſhould have ſought,
That ſad decrees ſuſpenſion to have wrought.
But we (alas) no whiſper of her pain,
Heard till twas ſin to wiſh her here again.
That horrid word at once like lightning ſpread,
Strook all our eares, The Lady *Rich* is dead.
Heart rending news, and dreadfull to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps purſue.
That death ſhould licence have to rage among
The faire, the wiſe, the vertuous, and the young.
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battell born,
With goared hand and vail ſo rudely torne:

Like

Like terror did among th'immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Godesses might bleed:
All stand amazed, but beyond the rest
Th'heroique Dame whose happie wombe she blest,
Mov'd with just grief expostulates with Heaven,
Urging that promise to th'obsequious given,
Of longer life, for nere was pious soul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilfull eye at once, might read the race
Of Caledonian Monarchs in her face;
And sweet humility her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to doe:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithfull, loyall and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rowling lights of Heaven, as change her course.
Some happie Angel that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here:
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world weele make her graces known.
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art and power of speech is waste.
Here passion swayes; but there the Muse shall raise
Eternall monuments of louder praise.
There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Faire *Sacharissa*, and now onely faire,
To sacred friendship weele an Altar rear:
Such as the *Romanes* did erect of old,
Where on a marble pillar shall be told

The

The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſſe paire,
Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like then yours to her fair mind:
Save that you grac'd the ſeverall part of life,
A ſpotleſſe Virgin, and a faultleſſe wife.
Such was the ſweet converſe twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.
How falſe is hope, and how regardleſſe fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date?
Lately I ſaw her ſighing part from thee
(Alas that that the laſt farewell ſhould be!)
So look't *Aſtræa*, her remove deſign'd
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind:
Conſent in vertue knit your heart ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot in ſpight of death does laſt:
For as your tears and ſorrow-wounded ſoule
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So all we know of what they doe above
Is that they happy are, and that they love;
Let darke oblivion and the hollow grave
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen love is never taught to dye,
But with our nobler part invades the skie:
Then grieve no more, that one ſo heavenly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd;
Rather ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away:
Her wondrous beauty and her goodneſſe merit,
We ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit,
In that Cœleſtiall forme frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appeare.

To the Queen Mother upon her Landing.

GReat *Queen* of *Europe* where thy off-ſpring wears
All the chief Crowns, whoſe Princes are thy heirs
As welcome thou to Sea girt *Brittains* ſhore,
As erſt *Latona* (who faire *Cinthia* bore)
To *Delos* was. Here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd, with like increaſe of light.
Why was her joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the Ocean (though inrag'd) have toſt
Thy Soveraign bark; but where th' obſequious Coaſt
Pay tribute to thy bed: *Romes* conquering hand
More vanquiſh'd Nations under her command,
Never reduc'd: glad *Berecinthia*, ſo
Amcng her deathleſſe Progenie did goe,
A wreath of Towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on Ambrofia fed:
Thy godly race muſt ſway the age to come,
As ſhee *Olympus*, peopled with her womb,
Would thoſe Commanders of mankind obey
Their honoured Parent, all pretences lay
Down at your Royall feet, compoſe the jarres,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe warres:
The Chriſtian Knights that ſacred tomb ſhould wreſt,
From Pagan hands, and triumph o're the Eaſt.
The *Englands* Princes, and *Gallias* Dolphin might
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight
In ſingle combate; by their ſwords again
The proud *Argantes*, and fierce *Soldans* ſlain.
Again, might wee their deeds recite,
And with your *Thuſcan* exalt the fight.

Song.

SONG.

PEace babling Muſe,
I dare not ſing what you indite:
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write.
She ſtrikes my Lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurle it on the ground.
And I no leſſe her anger dread,
Then the poore wretch that fains him dead.
While ſome fierce Lion does embrace
His breathleſſe corps, and lick his face.
Wrap't up in ſilent fears he lies,
Torn all in peices if he cries.

Of Love.

ANger in haſty words or blows,
It ſelf diſcharges on our foes.
And ſorrow too, finds ſome relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief.
So every paſſion but fond love
Unto its own redreſſe does move.
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſignes:
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſordred, tremble, fawn and creep,
Poſtures which render him deſpiſ'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.

For

For women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forwards and the bold,
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay and frollick, and the loud;
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage life and force
Approaching, tam'd th'unruly horse:
Unwisely we, the wiser East
Pity supposing them oppress
With Tyrants force whose law is will,
By which they governe, spoyle and kill
Each Nymph, but moderately faire,
Command with no lesse rigour here.
Should some brave Turke that walks among
His twenty Lasses bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Preferr'd to quench his present flame:
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent feare,
All to our female Idoll bend,
Whilest her high pride does scarce descend;
To marke their follyes he would sweare
That these her guard of Eunuchs were;
And that a more Majestique Queen,
Or humbler slaves he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vaine I strugled with the yoke
Of mighty love, that conquering looke,
When next beheld like lightning stroke
My blasted soule, and made me bow
Lower then those I pitied now.
So the tall Stag upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink;

Sur-

Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled.
The ſcorned dogs reſolves to try
The combates next, but if their cry
Invades again his trembling eare,
He ſtraight reſumes his wonted fear.
Leaves the untaſted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear out-flyes the wind.

To the mutable faire.

HEre *Cœlia* for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo neer my heart:
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancie,
And that I may ſucceſſefull prove,
Transform my ſelf to what you love.
Fool that I was ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple vertues you deſpiſe.
Fool that with ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove.
For you that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our skill.
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance
Againſt a Wind-mill our vain launce.
Now will I wander through the aire,
Mount make a ſtoop at every faire,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawleſſe as the Sea or wind)
Purſue you whereſoere you flie,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formall ſtars do travell ſo,
As we their names and courſes know,
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think they govern'd by our books.
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any Art, the motion uſ'de:
By thoſe free vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpair to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therefore of the ſpatious aire
Joves royall conſort had the care:
And by that power did once eſcape,
Declining bold *Ixions* rape.
She with her own reſemblance grac'd,
A ſhining cloud which he embrac'd.
Such was that Image ſo it ſmil'd,
With ſeeming kindneſſe which beguil'd
Your *Thirſis* lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Cœlia* caught.
Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the faire
He fill'd his armes with yeelding aire.
A fate for which he grieves the leſſe,
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſſe.
For in their ſtory one (we ſee)
Purſues a Nymph, and takes a tree.
A ſecond with a Lovers haſte
Soon overtakes whom he had chac't.
But ſhe that did a virgin ſeem
Poſſeſt, appears a wandring ſtream.
For his ſuppoſed love a third
Layes greedy hold upon a bird:
A fourth ſtands amaz'd to find his deare,
A wilde inhabitant of th'ayre.

To

To theſe old tales ſuch Nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new.
The Am'rous now like wonders find
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
But *Cœlia* if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend:
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live repeat the ſame.
Again deceive him and again,
And then he ſweares hee'l not complain.
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſures Lovers know.
Who, like good Faulkners take delight,
Not in the quarrey, but the flight.

Of Salley.

OF *Jaſon*, *Theſeus* and ſuch worthies old,
Light ſeeme the tales antiquity has told:
Such beaſts and monſters as their force oppreſt
Some places onely, and ſometimes infeſt.
Salley that ſcorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den.
And future ages threatning with a crude
And ſavage race ſucceſſively renew'd.
Their king deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide,
This peſt of mankind gives our *Hero* fame,
And through th'obliged world dilates his name.
The Prophet once to cruell *Agag* ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſſe made:

So ſhall the ſword make thine: and with that word
He hew'd the man in peices with his ſword.
Juſt *Charles* like meaſure has return'd to theſe,
Whoſe Pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled Seas;
With ſhips they made the ſpoiled Merchant mourn,
With ſhips their City and themſelves are torn.
One ſquadron of our winged Caſtles ſent
Ore-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent.
For not content the dangers to encreaſe,
And act the part of tempeſt in the Seas,
Like hungry Woolves theſe pirates from our ſhore,
Whole flocks of ſheep and raviſh'd cattell bore.
Safely they did on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Soveraigne of the Sea.
Mad *Cacus* ſo whom like ill fate perſwades
The heard of faire *Alcmena's* ſeed invades.
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid theif.
Moroccos Monarch wondring at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon to have ſeen and known
The injur'd worlds revenger, and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark well choſen preſents bears
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poore captives manumiz'd and matchleſſe horſe.

To Mrs. Braughton.

FAire fellow ſervant may your gentle eare
Prove mote propitious to my fleighted care:

Then

Then the bright Dames we ſerve, for her relief,
(Vext with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints, nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her train.
So in thoſe Nations which the Sun adore,
Some modeſt *Perſian*, or ſome weak ey'd *More*,
No higher dares advance his dazled ſight
Then to ſome gilded cloud, which neer the light
Of their aſcending God adorns the Eaſt,
And graced with his beams out-ſhines the reſt.
Thy skilfull hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confounds us ſo:
A thouſand *Cupids* in thoſe curls do ſit,
Thoſe curious nets thoſe ſlender fingers knit.
The graces put not more exactly on
Th'attire of *Venus*, when the ball ſhe won,
Then *Sachariſſa* by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.
You the ſoft ſeaſons know when beſt her mind
May be to pity or to love enclin'd,
In ſome well choſen houre ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſſe love durſt never tempt the eare
Of that ſtern goddeſſe you (her Prieſt) declare
What offerings may propitiate the faire
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that neer decay,
Or polliſht lines which longer laſt then they.
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the cheerfull morne does firſt diſcloſe,
(The ſhadie night removing of her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, Ide flie to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fiſhes ſhels:
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortall gifts her mind can pleaſe.

Thoſe ſhining Iewels *Greece* and *Troy* beſtow'd,
The ſnowy wriſts and lovely neck did load,
Of *Sparta's* Queen. But when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to Aſhes turn'd:
Her beauty too had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

Puerperium.

YOu Gods that have the power,
To trouble, and compoſe
All thats beneath your bower,
Calme ſilence on the Seas, on earth impoſe.

Faire *Venus* in thy ſoft armes,
The God of rage confine,
For thy whiſpers are the charmes
Which onely can divert his fierce deſign.

What though hee frown, and to tumult do incline,
Thou the flame,
Kindled in his breaſt can'ſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine?

Great Goddeſſe give this thy ſacred Iſland reſt,
make heaven ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us, while
Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her neſt.

Great *Gloriana*: faire *Gloriana*,
Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth,
Whoſe

Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe royall bed gives us
Both glory and peace.
Our preſent joy and our hopes increaſe.

To Phillis.

Phillis, why ſhould wee delay
Pleaſures ſhorter then the day?
Could wee (which wee never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan?
Beauty like a ſhaddow flies,
And our youth before us dies,
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings then time,
Change in love to heaven does clime.
Gods that never change their ſtate,
Varyed oft their love and hate.
Phillis, to this truth wee owe,
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our paſt deſire,
On what Shepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.
Leave it to the Planets too,
What wee ſhall hereafter doe:
For the joyes wee now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

To Phillis :

Phillis, twas love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your *Thirsis* threw,
Who for proud *Cœlia* could have dy'd,
Whilst you no lesse accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what hee sowes,
From foes discharg'd as often meet,
The shining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide aire creating fire,
As soules that joyn in one desire.
Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn;
Who the pursuite of churlish beasts,
Preferr'd to sleeping on her breasts.
Love makes so many hearts the prize,
Of the bright *Calisles* conquering eyes,
Which shee regards no more then they,
The teares of lesser beauties weigh.
So have I seen the lost clouds powre,
Into the sea a useleſſe shower,
And the vext Saylers curse the rain,
For which poore shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then *Phillis*, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care
But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this *Parthian* flight
Of Love, still flying or in chase,
Never incountring face to face.
No more to love weele sacrifice,
But to the best of Deities.

And

And let our hearts which love disjoyn'd,
By his kind Mother bee combin'd.

SONG.

VVHile I liſten to thy voyce,
Chloris, I feel my life decay,
That powerfull noyſe
Calls my flitting ſoule away.
Oh ſuppreſſe that Magick ſound,
VVhich deſtroyes without a wound!

Peace *Chloris* peace, or ſinging die,
That together you and I,
To heaven may goe,
For all wee know:
Of what the bleſſed doe above
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

SONG.

STay *Phœbus*, ſtay,
The world to which you flye ſo faſt:
Conveying day,
From us to them can pay your haſt,
VVith no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
VVith no ſuch wonder, as *de Mornay's* eyes.

Well doe this prove,
The errour of thoſe Antique bookes,
Which made you move,
About the world her charming lookes
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth ſnatch her away.

To Amoret.

Amoret, thy milky way,
Fram'd of many nameleſſe ſtarres,
The ſmooth ſtream where none can ſay,
Hee this drop to that preferres.

Amoret, my lovely foe,
Tell mee where thy ſtrength does lie,
Where the power that charmes us ſo,
In thy Soule, or in thy eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders could bee done:
Yet thy waſte is ſtreight and clean,
As *Cupids* ſhaft, or *Hermes* rod,
And powerfull too as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

BRave *Holland* lead, and with him *Falkland* goes,
Who hears this told and does not ſtreight ſuppoſe
Wee ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To civilize, and to inſtruct the North?
Not that theſe Ornaments make ſwords leſſe ſharp,
Apollo weares as well his bow as harp;
And though hee bee the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace, the ſacred Virgins ſing.
Hee courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Love, and caſt th' ambitious Giants down.
Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigall
Of thy great Soule thou art, longing to twiſt
Bayes with that Ivy, which ſo early kiſt
Thy youthfull temples? with what horror wee
Think on the blind events of warre and thee?
To Fate expoſing that all-knowing breſt,
Among the throng as cheaply as the reſt:
Where Oakes and brambles (if the copſe bee burn'd)
Confounded lye to the ſame aſhes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the Ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our Iſland ſo.
Guarded with ſhips, and all the Sea our own,
From heaven this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream the Genius of this Land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like a faire Hebrew ſtand,
When firſt ſhee felt the twins begin to jarre,
And found her womb the ſeat of Civill warre:
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,

Heaven

Heaven ſend's, quoth I, this diſcord for our good,
To warme, perhaps, but not to waſte our blood,
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long ſhall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harmes)
Wee had occaſion to reſume our Armes.
A Lyon ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
His rebell taile ſcourging his nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roare,
And charge his foes, who thought him madde before.

Of a Lady who writ in praiſe of Mira.

WHile ſhee pretends to make the Graces known,
Of matchleſſe *Mira*, ſhee reveales her own,
And when ſhee would anothers praiſe indite,
Is by her glaſſe inſtructed how to write.

To one marryed to an old man.

SInce thou wouldſt needs, bewitcht with ſome ill
Bee buryed in thoſe monumentall armes: (charms,
All wee can wiſh, is, may that earth lye light
Upon the tender limbs, and ſo good night.

For

For drinking of Healths.

LEt Bruites, and Vegetalls, that cannot think,
So farre as drought and nature urges drink:
A more indulgent Miſtreſſe guides our ſprights,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites,
Shee would our care as well as thirſt redreſſe,
And with Divinity rewards exceſſe.
Deſerted *Ariadne* thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd *Theſeus* cruelty deride,
Bacchus imbrac'd from her exalted thought,
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his faut.
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
And each by others timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the Grapes owe to his lightning fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juyce inſpires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood,
To give our Friends a title to our blood:
Who naming mee, doth warme his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

To Flavia, *Song:*

TIs not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart:
The Sun in all his pride and rage,
Has not that Art:
And yet hee ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſſe could our ſoules ſubdue.

Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
VVhich can make *Thirſis* heart your prey,
For that delight:
The graces of a well-taught minde,
In ſome of our own wee finde.

No *Flavia*, tis your love, I feare
Loves ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldome faile him are
Headed with hearts.
Their very ſhaddowes make us yeeld,
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

Thynn.

On my Lady Iſabella *playing on the Lute.*

SUch moving ſounds, from ſuch a careleſſe touch,
So unconcern'd her ſelf, and wee ſo much:
VVhat Art is this, that with ſo little paines,
Tranſports us thus, and o're the ſpirit reignes?
The trembling ſtrings above her fingers proud,
And tell their joy for every kiſſe aloud:
Small force there needs to make thee tremble ſo,
Touch't by that hand; who would not tremble tro?
Heer Love takes ſtand, and while ſhee charms the eare
Empties his quiver on the liſtning Deere:
Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarmes the mind,
That not an Arrow does reſiſtance find.
Thus the faire tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her ſelf the triumph of her eyes.

So *Nero* once with harpe in hand, ſurvay'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he play'd.

The Fall.

SEe how the will-earth gives way
To take th'impreſſion where ſhe lay:
See how the mould as loath to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the Nymphs ſtain'd garment? here
The comming Spring would firſt appear,
And all this place with roſes ſtrow,
If buſie feet would let them grow.
Here *Venus* ſmil'd to ſee blinde chance
It ſelfe, before her ſon advance,
And a fair image to preſent
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant:
'Twas ſuch a chance as this made all
The World into this order fall:
Thus the firſt lovers, on the clay
Of which they were compoſed lay;
So in their prime with equall grace
Met the firſt patternes of our race:
Then bluſh not (faire) or on him frowne,
Or wonder how you both came downe;
But touch him, and heel tremble ſtrait,
How could he then ſupport your weight?
How could the Youth alas, but bend
When his whole heaven upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiſſe were done,
'Twas that he let you riſe ſo ſoon.

Of

Of Silvia.

OUr ſighs are heard, juſt heav'n declares
The ſenſe it has of lovers cares;
She that ſo far the reſt outſhin'd,
Silvia the faire whiles ſhe was kinde;
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now:
So when the skie makes us endure
A ſtorme, it ſelfe becomes obſcure.

Hence 'tis that I conceale my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia* ſelfe her name;
Leſt ſhe provoking heaven ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected love;
Better a thouſand ſuch as I
Their griefe untold ſhould pine and dye:
Then her bright morning overcaſt
With ſullen clouds ſhould be defac't.

The Budd.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a comming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but halfe it ſelf diſcloſe;
And pluck't it, though no better growne,
Yet now you ſee how full 'tis blowne.

Still

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhon
As if they had bin made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo would flame anon:
All that was meant by ayre or ſun
To the young flower my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can doe,
What may the ſame informe's of love,
Of pureſt love and muſick too
When *Flavia* it aſpires to move:
When that which life-leſſe buds perſwades
To wax more ſoft her youth invades.

To a Lady ſinging a Song of his compoſing.

CHloris your ſelfe you ſo excell
When you vouchſafe to breath my thought;
That like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my owne teaching I am taught.

That Eagles fate and mine are one
Which on that ſhaft that made him dye,
Eſpy'd a feather of his owne
Wherewith he meant to ſoare ſo high.

Had eccho with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflexion of his face;
But of his voyce the Boy had mourn'd.

At the mariage of the Dwarffes.

THe ſigne or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled
As ſhe deny'd her little bed
To him for whom heaven ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble paire
Beneath the levell of all care;
Over whoſe heads thoſe arrows flye
Of ſad diſtruſt and jealouſie:
Secur'd in as high extream,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the faireſt Nimphs doe ſhew
Like moving mountains top't with ſnow:
And every Man a Polipheme
Does to his *Galatea* ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove,
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah (*Cloris*) that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us;
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As love has me for only you.

Upon

Upon Ben. Johnſon.

MIrror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy ſtage;
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her owne faults, indures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſique cures:
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:
Haſt tracked with thy All-reſembling Pen
What ever cuſtome has impos'd on men:
Or ill got habit which deſerts them ſo,
That ſcarce one brother can the brother know,
Is repreſenting to the wondring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies:
Who ever in thoſe glaſſes looke, may finde
The ſpots return'd or graces of the minde:
And by the helpe of ſo divine an Art
At leiſure view and dreſſe his nobler part.
Narciſſus cozened by that flatt'ring Well,
And nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here diſcovering that the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind preſerv'd himſelfe with hate;
But vertue too as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and bloud ſo well, that *Pluto* had
Beheld what his high fancie once embrac't,
Vertue with colours, ſpeech, and motion grac't:
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious muſe,
Who would expreſſe a thouſand tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe fate's no leſſe peculiar then thy Art,
For as thou couldſt all characters impart:
So none could render thine who ſtill eſcapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of ſhapes:

Who was, nor this, nor that, but all wee finde,
And all wee can imagine in mankinde.

To Mr. George Sands, *on his Tranſlation of ſome parts of the Bible.*

HOw bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would inrich our vulgar tongue,
With the high raptures of thoſe men,
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung:
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

What-ever thoſe inſpired ſoules
Were urged to expreſſe did ſhake,
The aged deep and both the Poles
Their num'rous Thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with heaven conſent,
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could beſtow
Courage on thee, to ſoare ſo high?
Tell mee (brave Friend) what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all mortality?
To light this Torch thou haſt climb'd higher,
Then hee who ſtole Cœleſtiall fire.

Chloris

Chloris *and* Hilas.

Chl. *Hilas* ô *Hilas* why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the Spring:
Winde up the ſlackned ſtrings of thy lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing?
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe're is faire, moves thy deſire.

Hil. Sweeteſt you know, the ſweeteſt of things,
Of various flowers the Bee's doe compoſe,
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of Violet, Woodbind, Pink, or Roſe:
So love the reſultance is of all our graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeverall faces.

Chl. *Hilas*, the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know their language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant muſe:
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once doe chooſe, bound their deſire.

Hil. *Chloris* this change the birds doe approve,
Which the warme ſeaſon hither does bring;
Times from your ſelfe does further remove
You, then the winter from the gay Spring:
She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning have blaſted.

Vnder a Ladies Picture.

SUuch *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy,
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?
But had like vertue shin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous shepheard had not dar'd to seek
Or hope for pity, but with silent moan,
And better fate had perished all alone.

In answer of Sir Iohn *Sucklings verses.*

Con.

STay here fond youth, and aske no more, be wise,
Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

Pro.

And by your knowledge we should be bereft
Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

Con.

The vertuous joyes thou hast thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride, and wouldst not take it ill:
Hundely from sweet dreams, and for a toy
Thou awak't he wakes himselfe that does enjoy.

Pro.

How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be [illegible] vertuous, and the end not so?
[illegible] sleep and shadows still admire,
[illegible] that feels this reall fire,
[illegible] for who ere drinks deep
Of this [illegible] himselfe asleep.

Con.

Con.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroyes,
And while it pleaſeth much yet ſtill it cloyes:
Who thinks he ſhall be happier made for that,
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfet, this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſte.

Pro.

Bleſſings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But ſhall we ſtarve, cauſe ſurfeiting deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impaire
Of kiſſes: why ſhould yonder happy paire
Where joyes, juſt Himen, warrants all the night
Conſume the day too in this leſſe delight.

Con.

Urge not tis neceſſary; alas we know
The homelieſt thing that mankinde does is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled, children there muſt be,
So muſt bread too, but ſince there are enough
Borne to that drudgery, what need we plough?

Pro.

I need not plough ſince what the ſtooping Hinde
Gets of my pregnant land, muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage tis not ſo,
For when *Anchiſes* did fair *Venus* know
What intreſt had poore Vulcan in the boy,
Great bold *Æneas*, or the preſent joy.

Con.

Women enjoy'd what e'retofore they have been,
Are like Romances read, or Scenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls, or ſpoyles the play much more
Then if one read, or knew the plot before.

Pro.

Playes and Romances read, and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions, yet not ſeen at all:
Whom would they pleaſe? to an Heroick tale,
Would you not liſten, leaſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

Con.

Tis expectation makes a bleſſing deare,
Heaven were not heaven, if wee knew what it were.

Pro.

If 'twere not heaven, if wee knew what it were,
Twould not bee Heaven to thoſe that now are there.

Con.

As in proſpects wee are there pleaſed moſt,
Where ſomething keepes the eye from being loſt,
And leaves roome to gueſſe: ſo here reſtraint,
Holds up delight, that with exceſſe would faint.

Pro.

Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure wee have got,
But hee neere has it, that injoyes it not.
In goodly proſpects who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
Wee wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light,
And nature blam'd for limitting our ſight,
Where you ſtand wiſely winking at the view
Of the faire proſpect, may bee alwaies new.

Con.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poore:
Hee's onely rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

Pro.

Not hee that knows the wealth hee has is poore,
But hee that dares not touch nor uſe his ſtore.

To A. H: *of the different ſucceſſe of their Loves.*

THrice happy paire of whom wee cannot know,
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion where two lovers ſtart,
And run together, heart ſtill yoak't in heart:
Succeſſefull youth, whom love has taught the way,
To bee victorious in thy firſt eſſay.
Sure lov's an Art beſt practized at firſt,
And where th' experienc'd ſtill proſper worſt.
I with a different fate purſu'd in vain
The haughty *Cœlia*, till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion born;
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhee relents, but all too late to move
A heart diverted to a Nobler love:
The ſcales are turn'd, her kingdom weighs no more,
Now, then my vows and ſervice did before:
So in ſome well wrought hangings, you may ſee
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* fly,
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet hee fires,
But there from heaven the blew ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her walls.
They that are formoſt in that bloody place,
Turn head anon and gives the Conquerours chace:
So like the chances are of love and warre,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are:
In love the Victors from the vanquiſh'd fly,
They flye that wound, and they purſue that dye.

An Apologie for having loved before.

THey that never had the uſe
Of the Grapes ſurprizing juyce;
To the firſt delicious cup,
All their reaſon render up:
Neither doe nor care to know,
Whether it bee the beſt or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd;
Sway'd by chance, not choyce, or art:
To the firſt that's fair or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:
Tis not ſhee that firſt wee love,
But whom dying wee approve.

To man that was ith' evening made,
Starres gave the firſt delight:
Admiring in the glooming ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whoſe faire hand
Remov'd him from the skies:
Hee gazing towards the Eaſt did ſtand,
Shee entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright ſun did appear,
All thoſe hee gan diſpiſe,
His wonder was determin'd there,
Hee could no higher riſe.

Hee neither might, nor wiſht to know
A more refulgent light:

For that as mine, your beauties now,
Imploy his utmoſt ſight.

Palamede to Zelinde, Ariana, Lib. 6.

FAireſt peice of well form'd earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power which you have o're us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a Prince, alas, that voyce
Confines you to a narrow choyce!
Should you no honey vow to taſte,
But what the Maſter Bees have plac't
In compaſſe of their cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appeare among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew:
The ſap which at the root is bred,
In trees, through all the boughes is ſpred,
But vertues which in Parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſſe through the Line.
Tis not from whom, but where wee live;
The place does oft thoſe graces give.
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or Herd had led.
Hee that the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt wraſtler on the green.
Tis Art and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames, as touch the Skies.

To

To the old Hero's hence was given,
A Pedigree which reach'd to Heaven,
Of mortall ſeed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd,
And beauty too in ſuch exceſſe
As yours, *Zelinde*, claimes no leſſe.
Smile but on mee, and you ſhall ſcorn,
Henceforth to bee of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady Grove
Where your lov'd Mother ſlept with *Jove*,
And yet excuſe the faultleſſe Dame,
Caught with her Spouſes, ſhape, and name:
Thy matchleſſe form will credit bring,
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

FINIS.

Loves Farewell.

TReading the path to Nobler ends,
A long farewell to Love I gave:
Reſolv'd my Country and my Friends
All that remain'd of me ſhould have;
And this Reſolve no mortall Dame,
None but thoſe eyes could have o'rthrowne.
The Nymph, I date, nor need not name,
So high, ſo like her ſelfe alone:
Thus the tall Oak which now aſpires
Above the feares of private fires,
Grown, and deſign'd for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe;
Though from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from heaven indure.

To Chloris.

CHloris, what's eminent wee know,
Muſt for ſome cauſe be valued ſo;
Things without uſe, though they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early Roſe made to diſplay
Her bluſhes to the youthfull *May*,
Doth yeeld her ſweets, ſince he is faire,
And courts her with a gentle ayre.
Our ſtars to ſhew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence;
When brighter Comets ſince ſtill known,
Fatall to all, are lik't by none:
So your admired beauty ſtill
Is by effects made good or ill.

Madam,

Madam,

AS in some climes the warmer Sun,
Makes it full Summer ere the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before the Violets dare looke abroad:
So measure not by any common use,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand, in womans weed.
Wrapt my glad head, I wish't me so indeed.
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now;
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or thinke your self too kind.
Who now I feare while I these joyes express,
Begin to thinke how you may make them less:
The sound of love makes your soft heart affraide,
And guard it self, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a Ball of new faln snow.

An Epigram
On a painted Lady with ill teeth.

WEre men so dull they could not see
That *Lyce* painted, should they flee
Like simple Birds into a Net,
So grosly woven and ill set;
Her own teeth would undoe the knot,
And let all goe that she had got.

Those teeth faire *Lyce* must show,
If she would bite: her Lovers, though

Like

Like Birds they ſtoop at ſeeming grapes,
Are diſabus'd when firſt ſhe gapes;
The rotten bones diſcovered there,
Show 'tis a painted Sepulcher.

On a Girdle.

That which her ſlender waſte confin'd,
Shall now my joyfull temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crowne
His Armes might doe what this has done.

It is my Heavens extreameſt Spheare,
The pale which held the lovely Deare,
My joy, my griefe, my hope, my Love,
Doe all within this Circle move.

A narrow compas, and yet there
Dwells all that's good, and all that's faire:
Give me but what this Ribban ty'd,
Take all the ſun goes round beſide.

On Mr. Iohn Fletchers *Playes.*

Fletcher, to thee we doe not only owe,
All theſe good Playes, but thoſe others too,
Thy wit repeated, does ſupport the Stage,
Credits the laſt, and entertaines this Age,
No Worthies form'd by any Muſe but thine
Could purchaſe robes, to make themſelves ſo fine,
What brave Commander is not proud to ſee
Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantrie,

Our greateſt Ladys love to ſee their ſcorne
Out done by thine, in what themſelves have worne.
The Impatient widdow ere the yeare be done,
Sees thy *Aſpaſia* weeping in her gowne.
I never yet the Tragick ſtraine aſſayed,
Deter'd by that inimitable Maide.
And when I venture at the Comicke ſtile,
Thy ſcornfull Lady, ſeemes to mock my toile.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd,
Our ſport in playes by rendring it too hard.
So when a ſort of luſty ſhepheards throwe,
The barre by turnes, and none the reſt out-goe
So farre but that the beſt are meaſuring caſts,
There emulation, and there paſtimes laſts;
But if ſome braunie Yeoman of the guard
Stepp in and toſſe the axeltrie a yard,
Or more beyond the furtheſt marke, the reſt,
Diſpairing ſtand, Their ſport is at the beſt.

To Chloris *upon a favour receiv'ed.*

Chloris, ſince firſt our calme of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we finde.
Your favours with your feares increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kinde.
So the fayre tree which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit and ſtate whilſt no wind blows,
In ſtormes from that uprightneſſe ſwerves.
And the glad earth about her ſtrowes
With treaſure from her yeilding boughs.

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FINIS.

Mr. VVALLERS SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.

1641.

Against the Prelates Innovations, Falſe Doctrin, and Diſcipline; reproving the perſwaſion of ſome Clergie-men to his Majeſty of Inconveniencies: Who themſelves, inſtead of Tilling the Ground, are become ſowers of Tares.

VVith a Motion for the Fundamentall, and *Vitall Liberties* of this Nation, which it was wont to have.

Mr. Speaker,

VEE *ſhall make it appeare, the errours of Divines who would that a Monarch, can bee abſolute, and that hee can do all things* ad libitum, *receding not onely from their Text, (though that bee wandring too) but from the way their own profeſſion might teach them.* Stare ſuper vias

vias antiquas, *and remove not the ancient bounds and Land-marks, which our Fathers have set.*

If to bee absolute, were to bee restrained by no Lawes; Then can no King in Christendom bee so, for they all stand obleidged to the Lawes Christian, and wee ask no more, for to this Pillar, bee our Privileadges fixt. Our Kings at their Coronation, *having taken a Sacred Oath, not to infringe them, I am sorry these men take no more care, for the informing of our Faith of these things, which they tell us for our Soules health; whileſt wee know them so manifestly in the wrong way, in that which concernes the Liberties and Privileadges of the Subjects of* England.

They gain preferment, and then it is no matter, though they neither beleeve themselves, nor are beleeved by others. But since they are so ready, to let loose the Conscience of our Kings, wee are the more carefully to proceed, for our protection against this Pulpit-law. by declaring, and reinforcing Municipall Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worthy the observation, how new this opinion, or rather this way of rising, is even amongst themselves.

For, (*Mr.* Speaker) *Mr.* Hooker, *who was no refractory man, (as they term it) thinks that the first government was Arbitrary, untill it was found, that to live by one mans will, becomes all mens misery; these are his words, and that these were the originall of inventing Laws.*

And (*Mr.* Speaker,) *if wee look farther back, our Histories will tell us, that the Prelates of this Kingdom, have often been the Mediators, between the King and his Subjects, to present and pray redresse of their grievances, and had reciprocally then, as much love and reverence from the people.*

But these Preachers, more active then their Predecessors, and wiser then the Laws, have found out a better forms of Government.

The

The King must be a more absolute Monarch, then any of his Predecessors, and to them he must owe it, though in the mean time, they hazard the hearts of his People, and involve Him into a thousand Difficulties.

For suppose, this form of Government were inconvenient; (Mr. Speaker *this is but a Supposition; for this five hundred years, it hath not only maintained us in safety, but made us victorious over other Nations: But suppose, this form of Government were inconvenient; and they have another* Idea *of one more convenient: We all know, how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better; and what hazard those Princes run, that enterprize the Change of a long est ablished Government.*

Now (Mr. Speaker) *of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succeed in this happy race, why should so pious, and so good a King be exposed to this trouble and hazard? Besides, that King so diverted, can never doe any great matters abroad.*

But (Mr. Speaker) *whilest these men have thus bent their Wits against the Law of their Country; have they not neglected their owne profession? What tares are growne up in the field, which they should have tilled? I leave it to a second consideration, not but Religion be the first thing in our purposes and desires: But that which is first in dignity, is not alwayes to preceed in order of time, for well-being, supposes a being; and the first impediment which men naturally, endeavour to remove, is the want of those things, without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto* Adam, *maintenance of life, and added to him a title to the rest of the Creatures, before he appointed a Law to observe.*

And let me tell you, that if our Adversaries have any such define, as there is nothing more easie, then to impose Religion on a people deprived of their Liberties, so there is nothing more hard, then to doe the same upon Free-men.

And

And therefore (Mr. Speaker) *I conclude with this motion, that there may be an Order presently made, that the first thing this House goes about, shall be the restoring of this Nation in generall, to the fundamentall and vitall Liberties, the prosperity of our Goods, and freedome of our Persons: And then We will forth-with consider of the supply desired.*

And thus shall We discharge the trust reposed in us, by those that sent us hither: And His Majesty shall see, that wee will make more then ordinary haste to satisfie His demands; *and wee shall let all those know that seek to hasten the matter of supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give no interruption to the Former.*

Mr. *WALLERS* SPEECH in PARLIAMENT,

At a Conference of both Houses in the painted Chamber *July* 6. 1641.

MY LORDS,

I Am commanded by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice *Crawley*, which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to heare read, I shall take leave (according to custom) to say something of what I have collected from the sense of that House

House concerning the crimes therein conteined.

Here the charge was read conteining his extrajudiciall opinions subscribed, and judgement given for Ship-money, and afterward a Declaration in his charge at an Assize, that Ship-money was so inherent a right in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of a Parliament to take it away.

MY LORDS, Not only my wants but my affections render me lesse fit for this imployment: for though it has not been my happinesse to have the Law a part of my breeding, there is no man honours that profession more, or has a greater reverence towards the grave Judges the Oracles thereof. Out of Parlament all our Courts of Justice are governed or directed by them, and when a Parlament is call'd, if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, experience tells us it might run a hazard of being stiled *Parlamentum indoctorum*. But as all professions are obnoxious to the malice of the professours, and by them most easily betrayed, so (my Lords) these Articles have told you how these brothers of the Coyf are become *fratres in malo*; how these sons of the Law have torne out the bowels of their mother: But this Judge (whose charge you last heard) in one expression of his excels no lesse his Fellows, then they have done the worst of their predecessours, in this conspiracy against the Common-wealth. Of the Iudgement for Ship-money, and those extrajudiciall opinions preceding the same (wherein they are jointly concern'd)

you have already heard, how unjuſt and pernicious a proceeding that was in ſo publique a Cauſe, has been ſufficiently expreſs'd to your Lordſhips: But this man, adding deſpaire to our miſery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-money was a Right ſo inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords) hee did not onely give as deepe a wound to the Commonweal'h as any of the reſt, but dipt his dart in ſuch a poyſon, that ſo farre as in him lay, it might never receive a cure. As by thoſe abortive opinions ſubſcribing to the ſubverſion of our propriety, before he heard what could bee ſaid for it, he prevented his own, ſo by this declaration of his, hee indeavours to prevent the Judgement of your Lordſhips too, and to confine the power of a Parliament, the onely place where this miſchiefe might be redreſt: Sure he is more wiſe and learned, then to beleeve himſelf in this opinion, or not to know how ridiculous it would appeare to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himſelfe, and therefore no doubt but by ſaying no Parliament could aboliſh this Judgement, his meaning was that this Judgement had aboliſh'd Parliaments.

This impoſition of Ship-money ſpringing from a pretended neceſſity, was it not enough that it was now grown annuall, but hee muſt intayle it upon the State for ever, at once making neceſſity inherent to the Crown, & ſlavery to the Subject? Neceſſity, which diſſolving all Law is ſo much more prejudiciall to his Majeſty then to any of us, by how much the Law has inveſted his Royall State with a greater power, and ampler fortune, for ſo undoubted a truth it has ever bin, that Kings as well as Subjects are involv'd in the confuſion which neceſſity produces, that the Heathen thought

thought their gods also obliged by the same, *Paremus necessitati quam nec homines nec dii superant*: This Judge then having in his charge at the Assize declar'd the dissolution of the Law, by this suppos'd necessity, with what conscience could hee at the same Assize proceed to condemne and punish men, unlesse perhaps he meant the Law was still in force for our destruction, and not for our preservation, that it should have power to kill, but none to protect us; a thing no lesse horrid then if the Sun should burn without lighting us, or the earth serve only to bury and not to feed and nourish us. But (my Lords) to demonstrate that this was a supposititious impos'd necessity, and such as they could remove when they pleas'd, at the last Convention in Parliament a price was set upon it, *for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse this Sentence*; It may be said that so much money would have removed the present necessity, but here was a Rate set upon future necessity, *For twelve Subsidies you shall never suffer necessity againe, you shall for ever abolish that judgement*; Here this mystery is revealed, this visour of necessity is pull'd off, and now it appeares that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully presented his Majesty with twelve Subsidies to be levyed on your Lordships, & the Commons: Certainly there is no priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, then to open the purse of the Subject, and yet these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us in the house of Commons, nor with your Lordships, otherwise then as your assistants, have not only assum'd to themselves this priviledge of Parliament, but presum'd at once to make a present to the Crown of all that either your Lordships or the Commons of *England* do, or shal hereafter possess.

And because this man has had the boldnes to put the power of Parliament in ballance with the opinion of

the Iudges, I ſhall intreat your Lordſhips to obſerve by way of compariſon the ſolemne and ſafe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate diſpatch of the other. In Parlament (as your Lordſhips know well) no new Law can paſſe, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordſhips, thrice in the Commons Houſe, and then it receives the Royall Aſſent, ſo that 'tis like gold ſeven times purified; whereas theſe Iudges by this one reſolution of theirs would perſwade his Majeſty, that by naming *neceſſity* he might at once diſſolve (at leaſt ſuſpend) the great Charter 32 times confirm'd by his Royall Progenitours, the Petition of Right, and all other Lawes provided for the maintenance of the Right and Propriety of the Subject; a ſtrange force (my Lords) in the ſound of this word *neceſſity*, that like a Charme it ſhould ſilence the Lawes, while we are diſpoyl'd of all we have, for that but a part of our goods was taken is owing to the grace and goodneſſe of the King, for ſo much as concernes theſe Iudges, we have no more left then they perhaps may deſerve to have, when your Lordſhips ſhall have paſſed Iudgement upon them: This for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying that publique truſt, which for the conſervation of our Laws was repoſed in them.

Now for the cruelty & unmercifulnes of this judgement, you may pleaſe to remember that in the old Law they were forbid to ſeeth a Kid in his mothers milk, of which the received interpretation is, that we ſhould not uſe that to the deſtruction of any creature which was intended for its preſervation: Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given us the Sea as our beſt Guard againſt our Enemies, and our ſhips as our greateſt glory above other Nations, and how barbarouſly would theſe

theſe men have let in the ſea upon us, at once to waſh away our Liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the propriety wee have therein, making the ſupply of our Navy, a pretence for the ruine of our Nation; for obſerve I beſeech you the fruit and conſequence of this judgement, how this money has proſpered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end for which they pretended to take it: On every County a ſhip is annually impos'd, and who would not expect, but our ſeas by this time ſhould bee covered with the number of our ſhips? Alas (my Lords) the daily complaints of the decay of our Navy tell us how ill Ship-money has maintaind the Soveraignty of the Sea; and by the many petitions which wee receive from the wives of thoſe miſerable Captives at *Algier* (being between foure and five thouſand of our Country-men) it does too evidently appeare that to make us ſlaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made ſlaves abroad; ſo farre has this judgement been from relieving the preſent, or preventing the future neceſſity, that as it changed our reall propriety into the ſhadow of a propriety, ſo of a feigned it has made a Reall neceſſity.

A little before the approach of the *Gaules* to *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no apprehenſion of that danger, there was heard a voyce in the ayre, lowder then ordinary, *The Gaules are come*, which voyce after they had ſack'd the City, and beſieged the Capitoll, was held ſo ominous, that *Livie* relates it as a Prodigy; This Anticipation of neceſſity ſeems to have been no leſſe ominous to us; Theſe Iudges like ill boading birds have call'd neceſſity upon the State in a time when I dare ſay they thought themſelves in greateſt ſecurity; but if it ſeem ſuperſtitious to take this as an Omen, ſure

I am, we may look on it as a cauſe of the unfained neceſſity we now ſuffer, for what regret and diſcontent had this judgment bred among us? And as when the noyſe and tumult in a private houſe growes ſo loud as to be heard into the ſtreets, it calls in the next dwellers either kindly to appeaſe, or to make their own uſe of the domeſtick ſtrife; ſo in all likelihood our knowne diſcontents at home have been a concurrent cauſe to invite our Neighbors to viſit us ſo much to the expence and trouble of both theſe Kingdomes.

And here, my Lords, I cannot but take notice of the moſt ſad effect of this oppreſſion, the ill influence it has had upon the ancient reputation and valour of the *Engliſh Nation*: and no wonder, for if it be true that oppreſſion makes a wiſe man mad, it may well ſuſpend the courage of the valiant: The ſame happened to the *Romans*, when for renown in Armes they moſt excell'd the reſt of the world; the ſtory is but ſhort, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri* (& I think the chiefe troublers of our State may make up that number,) The *Decemviri*, my Lords, had ſubverted the Lawes, ſuſpended the Courts of Iuſtice, & (which was the greateſt grievance both to the Nobility and people) had for ſome years omitted to aſſemble the Senate, which was their Parliament: This, ſayes the Hiſtorian, did not only deject the *Romans*, and make them deſpaire of their Liberty, but cauſed them to be leſſe valued by their Neighbors: The *Sabines* take the advantage and invade them; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to cal the long-deſired Senate whereof the people were ſo glad, that *Hoſtibus belloque gratiam habuerunt*: This Aſſembly breaks up in diſcontent, never heleſſe the war proceeds; Forces are raiſed, led by ſome of the *Decemviri*, & with the *Sabines* they meet in the field: I know your Lordſhips expect the event:

vent: my Authors words of his Country men are these, *Ne quid ductu aut auspicio Decemvirorum prospere gereretur, vinci se patiebantur*, They chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their Honour, then by victory to confirm the tyranny of their new Masters: At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after some distempers & expostulations of the people, another Senate, that is, a second Parliament, is cal'd, and there the *Decemviri* are questioned, deprived of their authority, imprisoned, banish'd, and some lose their lives; & soon after this vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better successe made it appeare to the world, that liberty and courage dwell alwaies in the same brest, & are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Iustice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited people; 'tis not the restitution of our ancient Laws alone, but the restauration of our ancient courage which is expected from your Lordships: I need not say any thing to move your just indignation, that this man should so cheapely give away that which your Noble Ancestors with so much courage and industry had so long maintain'd: you have often bin told how carefull they were though with the hazard of their lives & fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties as entire to posterity as they received them from their Fathers; what they did with labour you may doe with ease, what they did with danger you may doe securely: the foundation of our Lawes is not shaken with the Engine of Warre, they are onely blasted with the breath of these men, and by your breath they may be restored.

What Iudgements your Predecessors have given, and what punishments their Predecessors have suffered for offences of this nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble

you with a repetition of those precedents: Onely (my Lords) something I shall take leave to observe of the person with whose charge I have presented you, that you may the lesse doubt of the wilfulnesse of his offence.

His education in the Innes of Court, his constant practice as a Councellour, and his experience as a Iudge (considered with the mischiefe hee has done) makes it appeare that this Progresse of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spie through a Country, into which hee meant to conduct an enemy.

To let you see hee did not offend for company, there is one crime so peculiar to himselfe, and of such malignity, that it makes him at once uncapable of your Lordships favour, and his own subsistence incompatible with the right and propriety of the Subject: for if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the Laws, has hee not already declared his opinion, That your votes and resolutions against Ship-money are voyd, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament to abolish that Judgement? To him, my Lords, that has thus plaid with the power of Parliament, wee may well apply what was once said to the Goat browsing on the Vine.

Rode, caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis ad aras
In Tua quod fundi cornua possit, erit:

Hee has cropt and infring'd the priviledges of a banish'd Parliament, but now it is returned, hee may finde it has power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better establishment of our Lawes; and in truth what

what other ſatisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, then to confirm by his example thoſe Rights and Liberties which hee had ruin'd by his opinion?

For the proofes, my Lords, they are ſo manifeſt, that they will give you little trouble in the diſquiſition; his crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witneſſe is the ſame; having from ſeverall ſeats of Iudicature proclaim'd himſelfe an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore ſuo judicabitur.* To which purpoſe I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes of the Houſe of Commons, to deſire your Lordſhips that as ſpeedy a proceeding may bee had againſt Mr. Iuſtice *Crawley*, as the courſe of Parliaments will permit.

Mr. WAL-

Mr. *WALLERS* SPEECH IN THE HOVSE of COMMOMS

On Tuesday the 4th of *July*, 1643.

Being brought to the Barre, and having leave given him by the SPEAKER, to say what hee could for himselfe, before they proceeded to expell him the HOUSE.

Mr. *Speaker*,

I Acknowledge it a great mercy of God, and a great favour from you, that I am once more suffered to behold this Honourable Assembly. I meane not to make use of it to say any thing in my own defence by justification or denyall of what I have done, I have already confessed enough to make mee appeare, worthy not onely to bee put out of this House, but out of the World too. All my humble request to you is, that if I seeme to you as unworthy to live, as I doe to my selfe, I may have the honour to receive my death from your own hands, and not bee exposed to a Tryall by the Counsell of Warre: what everyou shall think mee worthy to suffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to finde stop any where else.

This

This (Sir) I hope you will bee pleaſed for your own ſakes to grant mee, who am already ſo miſerable, that nothing can bee added to my calamity, but to bee made the occaſion of creating a Preſident to your own diſadvantage; beſides the right I may have to this, conſider I beſeech you, that the eyes of the world are upon you, you Govern in chief, and if you ſhould expoſe your own Members to the puniſhment of others, it will bee thought that you either want Power, or leiſure to chaſtiſe them your ſelves: Nor let any man deſpiſe the ill conſequence of ſuch a Preſident as this would bee, becauſe hee ſeeth not preſently the inconveniences which may inſue: You have many Armies on Foot, and it is uncertaine how long you may have occaſion to uſe them. Souldiers and Commanders (though I know well they of the Parliaments Army, excell no leſſe in modeſty, then they doe in Courage) are generally of a Nature ready to pretend to the utmoſt power of this kind, which they conceive to bee due to them, and may bee too apt upon any occaſion of diſcontent to make uſe of ſuch a Preſident as this. In this very Parliament you have not been without ſome taſte of the experience hereof, it is now ſomewhat more than two yeares ſince you had an Army in the North, paid and directed by your ſelves, and yet you may bee pleaſed to remember there was a conſiderable number of Officers in that Army, which joyned in a Petition or Remonſtrance to this Houſe, taking notice of what ſome of the Members had ſaid here, as they ſuppoſed to their diſadvantage, and did little leſſe then require them of you; 'tis true, there had been ſome tampering with them, but what has happened at one time, may wiſely be thought poſſible to fall out again at another.

Sir

Sir, I presume but to point you out the danger; if it bee not just, I know you will not do mee the wrong to expose mee to this tryall; if it bee just, your Army may another time require the same justice of you, in their own behalfe, against some other Member, whom perhaps you would be lesse willing to part with. Necessity has of late forced you into untrodden paths; and in such a case as this where you have no president of your own, you may not do amisse to look abroad upon other States and Senates, which exercise the supream Power, as you now do here.

I dare confidently say you shall find none either Antient or Modern, which ever exposed any of their own order to bee tryed for his life by the Officers of their Armies abroad, for what hee did, while hee resided among them in the Senate.

Among the *Romans* the practice was so contrary, that some inferiour Officers in their Army farre from the City, having been sentenced by their Generall, or Commander in chief, as deserving death by their Discipline of Warre, have nevertheless (becaus they were Senators) appealed thither, and the cause has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to use more words to perswade you to take heed that you wound not your selves thorow my sides in violating the Priviledges belonging to your own persons, I shall humbly desire you to consider likewise the nature of my offence, (not but that I should bee much ashamed to say any thing in diminution thereof: God knows 'tis horrid enough, for the evill it might have occasioned) but if you look neere it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a Civill then a Martiall crime, and so to have title to a Triall at the Common Law of the Land; there may justly bee some difference put between mee and others in this businesse. I have

I have had nothing to doe with the other Army, or any intention to begin the offer of violence to any body. It was only a civill pretence to that which I then fooliſhly conceived to bee the right of the Subject. I humbly refer it to your conſiderations, and to your conſciences. I know you will take care not to ſhed the blood of War in Peace, that blood by the law of War, which hath a right to bee tryed by the Law of Peace.

For ſo much as concerns my ſelf and my part in this buſineſſe, (if I were worthy to have any thing ſpoken, or patiently heard in my behalfe) this might truely be ſaid, that I made not this buſineſſe but found it, it was in other mens hands long before it was brought to me, and when it came, I extended it not, but reſtrained it. For the Propoſitions of letting in part of the Kings Army, or offering violence to the Members of this Houſe, I ever diſallowed and utterly rejected them,

What it was that moved mee to entertain diſcourſe of this buſineſſe ſo far as I did, I will tell you ingenioufly, and that rather as a warning for others, than that it make any thing for my ſelf; it was onely an impatience of the inconveniences of the preſent Warre, looking on things with a carnall eye, and not minding that which chiefly (if not onely) ought to have been conſidered, the ineſtimable value of the Cauſe you have in hand, the Cauſe of God and of Religion, and the neceſſities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the ſame; as a juſt puniſhment for this neglect, it pleaſed God to deſert and ſuffer mee with a fatal blindneſſe, to bee led on, and ingaged in ſuch Counſels as were wholly diſproportioned to the reſt of my life; This (Sir) my own Conſcience tels me was the cauſe

of

of my failing, and not malice, or any ill habit of mind, or diſpoſition toward the Common-wealth, or to the Parliament: for from whence ſhould I have it? If you look on my birth, you will not find it in my blood: I am of a Stock which hath born you better fruite: if you look on my education, it hath been almoſt from my child-hood in this Houſe, and among the beſt ſort of men; and for the whole practice of my life till this time, if another were to ſpeak for me, he might reaſonably ſay, that neither my actions out of Parliament, nor in my expreſſions in it, have favoured of diſ-affection or malice to the Liberties of the People, or Priviledges of Parliament.

Thus Sir, I have ſet before your eyes, both my perſon and my caſe, wherein I ſhall make no ſuch defence by denying, or extenuating any thing, I have done, as ordinary Delinquents doe, my addreſſe to you, and all my plea ſhall only be ſuch as Children uſe to their Parents, I have offended; I confeſſe it, I never did any thing like it before; it is a paſſage unſuitable to the whole courſe of my life beſide, and for the time to come, as God that can bring light out of darkneſſe, hath made this buſineſſe in the event uſefull to you, ſo alſo hath hee to mee: you have by it made an happy diſcovery of your Enemies, and I of my ſelfe, and the evill principles I walkt by; ſo that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and by Gods grace aſſiſting mee, ſhall alwayes continue to bee, you may perhaps think mee fit to bee an example of your compaſſion and clemency.

Sir, I ſhall no ſooner leave you, but my life will depend on your breath, and not that alone, but the ſubſiſtence of ſome that are more innocent. I might therefore ſhew you my Children, whom the rigour of your

your Iuſtice would make compleat Orphans, being already Motherleſſe. I might ſhew you a Family, wherein there are ſome unworthy to have their ſhare in that mark of Infamy which now threatens us: But ſomething there is, which if I could ſhew you, would move you more then all this, it is my Heart, which abhorres what I have done, more, and is more ſevere to it ſelf, then the ſevereſt Iudge can bee. A heart (Mr. *Speaker*) ſo awakned by this affliction, and ſo intirely devoted to the Cauſe you maintain, that I earneſtly deſire of God to incline you, ſo to diſpoſe of mee, whether for life or for death, as may moſt conduce to the advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I dye, I ſhall dye praying for you; if I live, I ſhall live ſerving you, and render you back the uſe and imployment of all thoſe dayes you ſhall adde to my life.

After this, having withdrawn himſelfe, hee was called in again, and (being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact account how hee came firſt to the knowledge of this buſineſſe; as alſo what Lords were acquainted therewith, or had ingaged themſelves therein.

FINIS.